POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

SHE HAD A ROW IN THE KITCHEN WITH ANOTHER WOMAN.

THE STORY OF THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS.

BY A JOURNALIST WHO WAS SPECIALLY ENGAGED TO INVESTIGATE THE CRIMES AT THE TIME THEY WERE COMMITTED.

"Here—judge if hell, with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am."
—MOORE, "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan,

PART II.

IN Buck's Row there is a slaughter-house, and many persons were under the impression, from the butcher-like character of the wounds, that the midnight assassin must be one of the men there engaged. It may be as well to mention, however, that the police did *not* hold this theory, though, of course, it was a possibility which they did not overlook. The authorities pertinaciously clung to a belief in a blackmailing gang, who lay in wait for poor "unfortunates," and finding the women unable to satisfy their demands outraged and then murdered them to avoid discovery. They attributed both the Whitechapel Road mystery and the George Yard horror to the work of one of these ruffianly bands, and, doubtless, in the first instance they were in a measure correct.

When Henry Tompkins, of 12, Coventry Street, announced his occupation as that of a slaughterman, he was gazed at with much curiosity, and the people in court listened to his evidence. He was working all night, he told the coroner, in the slaughter-house in Buck's Row. He started between eight and nine in the evening, and left off at 4.20 a.m. A passing policeman informed his fellow-workmen and himself of the murder at 4.15, and five minutes later they quitted the place. He had previously left the slaughter-house at 12.20 with a chum, and returned to work about one. There was no one out again until 4.20. All the gates were open, but he heard no noise from the streets after his return at one. In reply to a question from the coroner, he said that if anyone had called for assistance from Buck's Row it might have been too far away to hear. He certainly should not have heard from where he saw the body. No one came to the slaughter-house that night except the policeman.

Dr. Phillips.

"Any women about?" asked the coroner.

"I didn't notice any when I was out until I got to Whitechapel Road," was the answer.

Then, upon being asked why the policeman should go specially to the slaughter-house on that particular morning, he replied simply:

"He came for his cape, which he sometimes left in our charge."

He was an honest, straightforward witness, that slaughterman, and those who were watching for prevarication or embarrassment were sorely disappointed.

Keen, smart, and intelligent was Inspector Helson when he faced Mr. Wynne-Baxter. He was the officer who had the case in hand, and he evidently appreciated the importance of his position.

"I first got news of the murder at 6.45," he stated, "and went to the mortuary after eight. The body was then dressed, and I examined it narrowly. The deceased wore two petticoats, one of a coarse grey stuff, with a flannel one underneath. The stays were fastened in front, and were shorter than usual. Beneath them were a chemise and a rough flannel. There were stains of blood on the abdomen, but none on the thighs, and there was no signs of violence below the abdomen. Neither of the petticoats exhibited bloodstains, but the back of the dress-bodice, near the neck, had absorbed a large quantity of

"The Ripper! the Ripper!"

blood. The upper part of the ulster with big buttons, which formed her outside garb, was also saturated, and her hair was clotted with it."

"Was the skin of the thighs clean?" asked the coroner.

"Yes," replied the inspector laconically.

"Unusually so? As if recently washed," queried Mr. Baxter.

"No," answered the officer, "there was nothing to show that."

Then the inspector proceeded with his evidence:

"I observed a circular bruise on the left cheek," he remarked, "and the left eye was slightly discoloured, as if by a blow, while there was another discolouration under the right jaw. The abdominal wounds were fairly visible before the clothes were removed, showing that they must have been inflicted while the body was dressed, but none of them were beneath the stays. They were below the bottom of that garment.

"After I had made an exhaustive examination of the corpse and its clothing," Inspector Helson went on, "I went to Buck's Row, where I found that the bloodstains had been washed away. Except for a mark which might, or might not, have been blood at the Brady Street end of the Row there was no trace of the murder to be found."

"Did it not strike you," inquired a juryman, "as somewhat peculiar that there was no more blood about?"

"No," returned the witness calmly, and this answer demolishes the theory of the murder having been committed elsewhere, and the victim afterwards dragged to the spot. "I found enough at the back of the dress to account for the throat-blood. That from the other wounds probably flowed into the abdominal cavity."

In the course of my investigations I visited Buck's Row at one o'clock in the morning of September 7, with a comrade of the pen, just a week after the murder. I had only been engaged to make the inquiries the day before, else I should have been there as soon as the news got abroad. We remained in the neighbourhood until eleven in the forenoon, and I was much struck with the decent and orderly character of the Row itself. It is fairly wide as compared with other thoroughfares round about, but it is dismally lighted. The theory that the

THE REAR OF 29, HANBURY STREET.
(The + shows where the body was found.)

body was deposited there after death gains considerable strength from the fact that round the corner is Winthrop Street, a narrow and noisome alley, inhabited by many of the worst specimens of humanity in London. Nevertheless, I am of Inspector Helson's opinion, and believe the murder to have taken place in the mouth of the stable-yard where the unhappy creature's remains were found.

While the excitement over the Buck's Row affair was still at white heat, the East End was nearly driven crazy by the announcement of

THE THIRD MURDER.

About a quarter to six in the morning, on September 8, 1888, the inhabitants of Spitalfields were paralysed at the news that the "Ripper" had been at his fell work in their very midst. Hitherto his haunts had been farther to the east, but now he had paid a visit to their own doors. It was strange what an effect even the mention of this unparalleled wretch's nickname had upon the people in the district which he frequented.

I remember when prowling around the neighbourhood in the night-time, intent upon picking up any tit-bit of information which might come my way, I entered a little square, the name of which I forget for the moment. It was a very respectable little square, and the inhabitants were all Jews of well-to-do appearance. Although it was past midnight every door was open, and the occupants of the houses stood whispering to each other in the entrances and passages.

Thinking that something must be wrong to bring the people out in such numbers, I stepped lightly across the square, which I then noticed had no other outlet, and addressed myself to a very stout lady who was talking to two young men. I had already observed that my appearance had caused a cessation of conversation at almost every doorway, but I was certainly not prepared for what was to follow.

THE FRONT OF 29, HANBURY STREET.

"Is there anything the matter here, madam?" I asked in my blandest tones.

She eyed me suspiciously for a moment.

"Matter!" she replied, in a rather frightened voice, "what should be the matter?"

"Well, I don't know," I said lightly, "only I thought perhaps 'Jack-the-Ripper'——"

No sooner had the dread name left my lips than the woman gave a shriek which might have been heard at St. Paul's.

"The Ripper! the Ripper!" she screamed, and in an instant every soul had vanished, and every door was closed with a bang.

I stood perfectly dumbfounded for a minute or two, and then the door by which I still remained was cautiously opened, and one of the young men peeped out from behind it.

"What does it all mean?" I asked in a bewildered fashion. "Surely you cannot mistake me for a murderer?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," he replied, opening the door a little wider, "but, you see, we're all so scared down here that we daren't even speak *his* name aloud."

Upon that I explained to him who I was, and then his brother came out, and we had quite a comfortable little chat for a quarter of an hour, though I observed that the brother was not altogether at his ease the whole time I was there.

But to return to the third murder.

It occurred in the back yard of a house in Hanbury Street, Brick Lane, Spitalfields, and was even more diabolical in character than either of those which had preceded it.

The house was a three-storey one, and was let to fifteen different families. The landlady, who lived in the house, was a Mrs. Richardson. In the top floor front dwelt a Mr. and Mrs. Davis, an old couple, with their three sons. Davis was a carman, and had to be up pretty early to his work. On going downstairs at a quarter to six that eventful morning, he turned to enter the back yard, but before he had taken three paces a sight met his horror-stricken gaze which caused him to reel. The body of a woman was lying on its back close to the short flight of steps leading to the yard. The throat was cut in a fearful manner. Davis staggered out of the passage, the door of which was open, and crossed the street to two men who were waiting to go to work at Mr. Barclay's, a packing-case maker in Hanbury Street. To them he told what he had seen, and, after getting a glimpse of the horror, they ran for the police. Davis himself went to Commercial Street police-station, and gave information.

Mr. Wynne-Baxter.

Inspector Chandler, with some of his men, was quickly on the spot, and there faced a scene which for sheer demoniacal atrocity has seldom been equalled in this or any other clime. As has been said, the throat was cut in a fearful manner—so deep, indeed, were the wounds that the murderer, thinking he had severed the head from the body, had tied a handkerchief round it to keep it on. But this was not a quarter of the fiendish work. The abdomen was completely ripped open, the heart and viscera removed and placed by the victim's side, while, to crown all, part of the entrails were tied round the poor creature's neck and head. The ground was spattered with great clots of blood, and blood spots lay thick in the passage leading from back to front. The body was at once removed to the mortuary in old Montagu Street, and placed in the very same shell that had so recently contained the corpse of the murdered Mrs. Nicholls. Upon examination, the remains proved to be those of a woman about forty-five years of age, 5ft. in height, of fair complexion, with wavy, dark brown hair. The eyes were blue, and she had lost two teeth in the lower jaw. The nose was large and prominent. There were signs of rings having been torn from the third finger of the left hand, and the arms were considerably bruised.

Sir Charles Warren.

Excited crowds now rushed about the streets. Mrs. Richardson's house was besieged, and the mortuary was another centre of attraction. Rumours flew around like lightning. One was that a leather apron and a long knife had been found near the scene of the murder, belonging to a Jew boot-finisher, known as "Leather-apron," from his constantly wearing that article of attire so useful in his trade. Another rumour said that a second woman had been nearly murdered early in the morning, and taken in a dying state to the London Hospital. The latter was, however, soon proved to be false.

There was little difficulty about the identification of the body. It was soon recognised as that of "Dark Annie," also known as Annie Sievey, from having cohabited with a man who gained a livelihood by making wire sieves.

As night drew on, the streets became more crowded. Knots of people stood at every court and doorway discussing the horrible deed.

In the dress pocket of the victim were found, in addition to a handkerchief and two combs, a couple of brightly-polished farthings. These, it was believed, were passed off upon the woman by the murderer as half-sovereigns, to induce her to accompany him.

A large body of detectives scoured the district, and at 11.45 a man was arrested near the City Road and taken to Kingsland police-station by six policemen. He was, however, almost immediately afterwards released. Spitalfields was in a state of panic, and the inhabitants were almost frantic. Two ordinary prisoners having been arrested for some trivial offence, they and the police were followed by a maddened crowd shouting, "Murderer's caught!" The station was mobbed for hours, and the multitude refused to disperse.

Mr. Mathews.

On September 10, "Leather-apron" was arrested. He gave his name as John Peser, and was described as a boot-finisher, living in Mulberry Street, an alley off Commercial Road. His step-mother and sister-in-law occupied rooms in the same house. His tools were taken, and the house was searched, while the suspect himself was haled off to Leman Street police-station by a large force of police with drawn staves. The authorities acted quickly, and few knew of the arrest, which took place at nine o'clock in the morning. The neighbours gave the prisoner a good character. He was a harmless, inoffensive little man, they said, and of somewhat weak intellect.

There were other arrests about the same time, but they were of little importance, as the prisoners were almost immediately released. "Leather-apron," however, was detained. Whitechapel literally swarmed with policemen and detectives, and they found it incumbent upon themselves to do something to alleviate the popular clamour.

The Working Lads' Institute was again the scene of the inquest, which took place in the same room as that which had been held upon Mrs. Nicholls. Mr. Wynne-Baxter presided, and a strong body of police was present. The general public were not admitted. After the jury

had viewed the body and clothing, John Davis was called. He was old, and rather feeble, and appeared half-frightened, as well he might be, from the sight he saw on that terrible morning.

He stated he was a carman and lived at 29, Hanbury Street, on the top floor front, with his wife and three sons. On Friday night he went to bed at eight, and was followed by his last son at 10.45. The window of the room was closed. He was awake from three to five, and then slept for half an hour, as he could tell by the clock. At 5.45 he heard the bell of Spitalfields Church, and got up. He partook of a cup of tea, made for him by his "missus," and went downstairs. He then gave the details of the awful discovery he made, the particulars of which we already know. When he spoke of Barclay's men Inspector Chandler interrupted.

"These men have not been found," said the inspector.

"Then he must find them with the police," replied the coroner severely.

"But I have to attend to my work," observed the old man faintly.

"Your work is not of the slightest importance compared with this inquiry," rejoined Mr. Baxter, with a frown.

Mrs. Richardson, the landlady, was then examined, but there was little elicited from her, save that the door of the passage was usually left open for the convenience of the lodgers, and that women not belonging to the house came there sometimes, though she had never seen them. She heard no noise on the night of the murder. Before she retired she told the coroner that she had lost a day's work by coming to the inquiry. How was she to be paid?"

"I am afraid you will lose many days before this inquiry is over," replied Mr. Baxter. "The Treasury may do something; I cannot."

Then came a glimpse of common lodging-house life in the East End, as revealed by Amelia Palmer, a friend of the murdered woman, and a sad, sad story, too.

"I live at the common lodging-house, 30, Dorset Street, Spitalfields," she said, "and have been there for four years. I have worked at charing, not sewing, for Jews since my husband, formerly a dock labourer, met with an accident. He has been a soldier, and is in receipt of a pension of 8½d. a day. I knew deceased for five years. Her name was Annie Chapman, and she was a widow. Her late husband, Fred Chapman, lived at Windsor, and was a veterinary surgeon. He died eighteen months ago, but he and deceased had not lived together for four years or more. Annie had lived in various places, but generally in common lodging-houses in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields. She had lived at 30, Dorset Street, about two years ago with a man who made wire sieves, and at that time she was receiving ten shillings per week from her husband, which came by postal order to Commercial Road, but the money stopped about eighteen months ago. I met her at that time, and she informed me her husband was dead. She had been told so by a brother or sister of her husband, who lived in Oxford Street, Whitechapel. She was nicknamed Mrs. Sievey, from living with the sieve-maker. I knew Sievey, too, and last saw him in the City, when he told me he was living at Notting Hill. Mrs. Chapman and he only lived together two or three months. I saw deceased on Monday last outside 35, Dorset Street, without her bonnet or shawl. She had then a bruise on her temple, and she showed me another on her chest. 'Why, Annie, how did you get these?' I asked. 'You know the woman,' she said, 'the one who goes about selling hooks.'"

"Hooks!" remarked the coroner. "What sort of hooks?"

"Meat-hooks for butchers," was the reply.

"Very well, go on," said Mr. Baxter.

"This woman and deceased," resumed the witness, "were acquainted with a man called 'Harry the Hawker,' and Annie told me that on Saturday week she was with a man—a very respectable man—Ted Stanley, in a beershop in Dorset Street. Harry was somewhat drunk, and put down a two-shilling-piece to pay for drink, when the hook-selling woman picked it up and put a penny down in its place. There was ill-feeling in consequence, 'and the same evening she struck me,' said Annie. I saw her again on Tuesday, and she told me she felt no better, and would go into the casual ward until she pulled herself round. She said she had nothing to eat, so I gave her twopence to get tea, and not spend in rum. Oh, yes, I have many times seen her drunk. For a living she used to make crochet-work and antimacassars, and sometimes sell flowers. I cannot say that she got money in the streets, but I'm afraid she wasn't particular. She was out late at night at times, and on Fridays she had to go to Stratford to sell lace, or flowers, or whatever she had got. I last saw her on Friday about five p.m. when she appeared sober, and told me she felt too ill to go to Stratford. She was standing in the same place about ten minutes after. 'It's no use giving way, Annie,' I said; 'you must pull yourself together, and get some money, or you'll have no lodgings.' I saw her no more alive. She told me she had been in a casual ward, but did not say which, and never said she had been refused in any ward."

"I don't mind being killed!"

"Was she drunken?" inquired the coroner.

"She was very civil and industrious when sober," the witness replied; "but I have often seen her the worse for drink. She had been living a very irregular life since I knew her, especially since her husband died. She told me she had a sister and mother at Brompton, but I don't think they were on friendly terms. At all events, I never knew her to stay with any relatives, even for a night. I remember she said to me on Monday, 'If my sister sends me boots I'll go hopping.' She often appeared downhearted, especially about her boy and girl. The boy was in a charity-school at Windsor. Taking her altogether she was generally very respectable. I never heard her use bad language in my life, and I knew no one who would injure her."

Such was the story of "Dark Annie's" life since the time she cut herself adrift from respectability. She had probably once been a happy girl, in a comfortable and pleasant home, surrounded by loving friends and relations, and her end was this! Done to death by a fiend while selling her body for the price of a bed in a common doss-house!

This was not quite the end of her story, however. There is still a little more to come, sorrowful and heart-breaking in the squalid pathos of it.

Timothy Donovan, the next witness, was the deputy of the common lodging-house at 35, Dorset Street.

"I knew Annie well," he said. "She lodged with us for the last four months, but she was not with us last week till Friday, when she came in and asked to be allowed down in the kitchen. That was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and I gave her permission to go. She said she had been in the infirmary, and I was sorry for her. I did not see her again till about half-past one on Saturday morning. I was in the office, and saw her go down to the kitchen. I then sent the watchman's 'missus' downstairs to ask her husband about her bed. Annie came up immediately after and said 'I haven't sufficient money for my bed, Tim. Don't let it. I shan't be long before I'm in.' The price of the bed was 8d. She was then eating potatoes, and after standing at the office window for three minutes, she went out, saying, 'Never mind, Tim, I shall soon be back. Don't let it.' She went down Paternoster Row, and I never saw her again alive. I noticed that she had had enough drink, but she could walk straight. She was generally the worse for drink on Saturdays, but not the rest of the week. I remarked to her before she went, 'You can find money for beer when you can't find it for your bed.' She said she had been in a beerhouse —'The Ringers.' I did not see her with any man, and I cannot say where she was going to get the money that night. I don't know that she walked the streets. She used to come on Saturday with a man I don't know, but who she said was a pensioner. I have refused her when she came with other men."

Dr. Forbes Winslow.

"You only allow each woman to have one husband at your house, eh?" demanded the coroner.

"Well," replied Tim, "her husband told me not to let her have a bed with any man but himself. She did not come with any man that night, at all events. The pensioner was last at our place on Sunday week. He seemed to be a man of from forty to forty-five, and was five feet six or eight inches in height. He was sometimes dressed as a dock labourer, and sometimes had a gentlemanly appearance. In complexion he was rather dark. I believe Annie used always to meet him at the top of the street. She was always on good terms with the other lodgers, and never gave any trouble, except once, about the week before last, when she had a row in the kitchen with another woman. I afterwards saw the two outside quarrelling."

Such is common lodging-house morality in the East End, and yet I doubt if immorality be more rife in Whitechapel than in West Kensington. It is all a question of degree—high or low, and for downright wickedness I'll back the West against the East any day.

The last man to see poor Annie Chapman in this world before she met the devil who sent her unhappy soul to its long account was undoubtedly John Evans, the watchman at 35, Dorset Street.

In giving his evidence the watchman stated:

"I last saw 'Dark Annie' on Saturday morning. She left about a quarter to two, and I followed her to the door. There I stood watching her, and noticed that she went down Paternoster Row into Brushfield Street. Then she turned towards Spitalfields Church, and I saw her no more. She was a little the worse for drink, but not badly so. The poor thing used to be out on the streets every night, yet I only knew of one man, the pensioner, to stay with her. He called upon Saturday about half-past two in the afternoon, and inquired for Annie. He had heard something about her death, and came down to see if it were true. I told him it was perfectly correct, and he looked as if he would have fainted, but after a minute he pulled himself together and went away without saying a word. I never heard him, nor any man, threaten her."

Before passing on to the other end of this link in the chain of tragedies let us pause a moment and survey the situation.

At this time Sir Charles Warren was at the head of the Metropolitan Police, and it is no injustice to him, for I am perfectly assured he did his duty with a stern determination to act properly, to say that he was, beyond a doubt, the most unpopular Chief Commissioner that ever reigned in Scotland Yard. The failure of the authorities to bring the horrors home to any particular individual, or to find a likely clue to them in the district where they had occurred, brought a mighty avalanche of abuse on the shoulders of the Commissioner. The inhabitants of Buck's Row suggested to him that had the police been smarter in their action the murderer might have been caught, and the terrible scandal of three undiscovered crimes of such a fearful nature within a few weeks avoided. They also urged the necessity of increasing the police force in the district, for it appeared that the whole neighbourhood of the London Hospital was infested by bands of thieves who almost hourly committed robberies in broad daylight with impunity, the courts and alleys in the locality giving ready means of escape.

Vigilance Committees sprang up like mushrooms in the East End, and Sir Charles had their opinions thrust upon him *ad nauseam*. Many of the committeemen were busybodies who became active from motives of self-advertisement, and who were unsparing in their denunciations of Scotland Yard and its methods. Money was freely subscribed to the committees for the purposes of the hunt for the murderer, and the Jewish section of the community was especially eager, owing to the dread of the women belonging to it.

The public indignation against Sir Charles Warren and those under him brought forth a very sensible vindication of Sir Charles in "The Times" newspaper. It took the form of a letter, and was evidently written by one behind the scenes. It deprecated the cry against the police over the murders, and the cry against the chief, who was not to blame for the alterations in the general management which were initiated twenty-five or thirty years before. The system in vogue was introduced by Colonel Henderson, and differed in two particulars from that which preceded it. The former practice was to keep well-behaved constables on the same beat for a long time, and a man was never removed from his beat without some reason. Now, however, he was shifted once a month, or two months, and nearly always at the end of three. Sir Edward Henderson's other innovation was to separate far more than formerly the police on ordinary duty from the detectives. The effect of the old system had many advantages. The policeman who knew his beat was worth three who did not know it. The man who knew the streets of his beat knew the people living in them, and was known to them. He became a kind of referee, especially in poor neighbourhoods, and knowledge of him produced confidence in him. He was able to put down street rows with a mere glance when a stranger would be unheeded, and in the case of burglaries or other robberies he could take the shortest cuts to follow or intercept the thieves. The great drawbacks to the old system was that he might abuse his intimacy, as in the blackmailing of fast women in Regent Street, or that

familiarity with the inhabitants might lead to treating in public-houses, indiscriminate tipping, and other little evils of a like nature.

Presently the storm of indignation veered round from Scotland Yard to the Home Office, and the then Secretary of State came in for his share of obloquy. This was occasioned by a reply to the Mile-End Vigilance Committee which had called upon the Government to offer a substantial reward for the discovery of the murderer. The letter ran as follows:

"I am directed by the Secretary of State to acknowledge receipt of your letter of 16th, with reference to the question of the offer of a reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of the recent murders in Whitechapel, and I am to inform you that had the Secretary of State considered the case a proper one for the offer of a reward he would at once have offered one on behalf of the Government, but that the practice of offering rewards for the discovery of criminals was discontinued some years ago, because experience showed that such offers of reward tended to produce more harm than good. And the Secretary of State is satisfied that there is nothing in the circumstances of the present case to justify a departure from this rule.

"I am, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"G. LEIGH PEMBERTON."

The receipt of this communication set the wrath of the East-Enders aflame. A large meeting of the Mile-End Vigilance Committee was held the same evening at the Crown Tavern, Mile-End Road, to consider the best means of preventing a repetition of the murders, and securing the detection of the murderer. A long list of subscriptions towards a reward fund was read, and it was resolved that as soon as the amount reached £100 reward bills would be issued. A strong opinion that the Home Office was very unwise in withholding a Government reward was freely expressed. A golden key, it was said, usually opened all doors, and no means should be left untried.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, the celebrated specialist in mental disorders now stepped forward, and, on the advice of a friend, placed himself in communication with Scotland Yard. The doctor was of opinion that he could lay his hand on the Terror in the course of a fortnight, and was convinced that one and only one was concerned in the murders.

In an interview with the representative of an evening paper he said that to secure success the matter must be left entirely under his control, with an implicit confidence in his demands, however strange they might appear—and they would appear strange. He had not then thought out his plans very carefully, but the mention of a decoy was right, only he should want a dozen of them distributed all over London. He was not so certain if right men for this could be found, as it would be a case of risking their lives at 999 per 1,000. They might be hampered by wearing female attire, but men accustomed to homicidal maniacs would not allow the encounter to come to the bitter end. Their presence of mind more than their strength would save them. Forbes Winslow then gave as an instance the fact of a friend of his, a doctor, who called upon a patient thought to be suffering from homicidal mania. "I am going to kill you," exclaimed the patient, taking from his pocket a thin, sharp-edged flint. The lunatic was a big, powerful fellow; the doctor quite the reverse. The latter stood his ground without flinching, looking his would-be assailant full in the eye. "I don't mind being killed," said the doctor calmly; "but don't you think the blood would make a horrible mess? Had I not better fetch a bucket first?" This sufficed to dispel the fit. Dr. Winslow observed that there were many such manaics in England, and that the suicides and homicides committed by those at large amounted to no fewer than fifty a week. "Sometimes," said the doctor, "the unhappy lunatic-murderer goes to his doom. The judge thinks that because the prisoner sees his culpability after the deed he is responsible, and sums up accordingly."

Dr. Winslow believed homicidal mania to be incurable however long a time might elapse between recurrent attacks. His suggestion to Scotland Yard was to communicate with the authorities of every public and private lunatic asylum about London, and even throughout the land, and he would require a list, not only of escapes, but also of discharges as "quasi-cured." He gave it as his opinion that the murderer of Chapman and of the woman in George Yard was a lunatic at large, and, what was more, well-to-do—probably living in the West End. All the ordinary means of detection would fail, because the moment the fit passed he would become quite rational, and might not even be aware of having committed the deed. "That would be what we denominate epileptic stupor," said the doctor. Such if caught and tried would be likely to sell his own life in the dock, for the mere hint that he was a maniac would evoke a storm of indignation on his part. On the other hand, if he were aware of having done the deed his position would enable him to keep coy during the day, and the only chance with him would be to catch him when the fit was on. For this purpose a decoy would be the only effectual means. Still, the decoy would only be a part of Dr. Winslow's programme; the rest he would think out.

A "Country Doctor," writing from Lancashire, also suggested that the police should at once ascertain the whereabouts of all cases of homicidal mania discharged as cured from metropolitan asylums during the past two years.

Following upon the interview with Dr. Forbes Winslow came a long leader in the same paper, written by a medical man who was then closely connected with it. This gentleman argued that inquiry into the extraordinary mystery must not be controlled by the ordinary methods, which is very obvious. The search for the criminal would have to take unusual lines. It might be that the police were right in believing the atrocities to be the work of some lunatic at large. Many indications justified the assumption. Yet the public ought not to allow themselves to be rashly dominated by a theory however simple it might seem. There was a contagion in murder as in suicide, and every student of psychology knew how some strange and impressive self-immolation drew behind it a train of imitative crimes. A man hanged himself at Peckham, and boys emulated the action on the lamp-posts of Camberwell; so it was just possible that the first morbid genius of Whitechapel had his methods adopted and his schemes worked out by another or others. But a trust in the not too utter depravity of human nature induced the writer to accept the theory that one monster only was responsible, and all energies should be directed to discover the savage.

His theory, more clearly expressed than by Dr. Winslow, pointed in the same direction. He told us it was a well-known fact to students of insanity that epilepsy was often induced by amatory desires of an inordinate nature. During the fit the whole nervous system was thrown out of gear, as the telegraph is in a thunder-storm, and the subject became not only irresponsible for his acts, but practically unconscious of them. The fit, which was usually a series of convulsions, might be replaced by an impulse towards murder or suicide, springing unvoluntarily and irresistibly into the mind. Neither in the case of Nicholls, nor in the more painful one of Chapman, was there any medical statement to indicate whether the intended purpose of the murderer's interview with his victims had reached a consummation; but this was not absolutely necessary to account for the nerve-storm that might have deranged his faculties. The character of the crimes was consistent with the supposition that the murderer was dominated by one idea, and, therefore, a monomaniac or an epileptic, and that the direction of his recurrent fits of madness was continuous.

The writer then went on to speak of the facility with which the assassin used his weapon, and of his skill in

employing the great knife in a scientific manner, but such experience, he asserted, was not all obtained in cutting human flesh. There, for reasons I have already explained, I differ from him, and the matter will be reverted to anon.

A letter from "Medicus," in the same journal, supported the leader-writer's opinions regarding epilepsy, the connection of which with erotic excitation was well known. A homicidal maniac, he argued, would not seek privacy, but would slay where he found his victim. It was, therefore, quite probable that the murderer's intention in seeking out-of-the-way places was nothing else than to commit an immoral act, and being on the point of committing this act his excitement became epileptic with homicidal impulses.

There was a novel suggestion from another source that the pupils of the murdered woman's eyes should be photographed on the chance of the retina retaining the image of the murderer capable of reproduction. A good many persons advocated the employment of bloodhounds, and all these hints received earnest consideration by the authorities.

Throwing all theories and hypotheses aside for the present, I shall now return to what was being actually done around the scenes of the crimes.

The scare in the neighbourhood was gradually subsiding. People were calmed by becoming familiar with the revolting details, and by the knowledge that the police were exceedingly active. On Sunday night the Whitechapel Road pavements were deserted, but twenty-four hours later groups of men and women chatted, joked, and boisterously laughed upon the flagstones until long after St. Mary's Church had struck one. In passing along the words most heard in the mouths of all and sundry were, "Leather-apron." The term had become a by-word of street and gutter, and was more often mentioned with a guffaw than in tones of dread. While many, including the police, seemed to believe in the prisoner's guilt, the majority of the inhabitants appeared sceptical even as to his personality. So it might be said with truth that by Monday night the thoroughfares of the East End had resumed their normal condition. The usual number of gaudy, loud, vulgar women were about, and slinking dejectedly along were the larger proportion of miserable, half-fed members of the same sex—the degraded beings from among whom the "Ripper" selected his victims.

Soon after one o'clock the better-dressed and more noisy of the motley crowd disappeared, but the poverty drabs crawled about from lamp to lamp, or from one dark alley's mouth to another, until faint signs of dawn appeared. Off the main road in such thoroughfares as Commercial Street and Brick Lane, there was little to attract attention. Constables passed silently by the little knots of homeless outcasts huddled in the recess of some big doorway. Others, whose "plain clothes" could not prevent their stalwart, well-drilled figures from betraying their calling, paraded in couples, now and again emerging from some dimly-lighted lane, and passing their uniformed comrades with an air of profound ignorance.

The back streets presented a dismal appearance; indeed, the dim yellow of the street lamps only served to make the darkness more unutterably gloomy and forlorn. Murder might easily be accomplished there, and a police force double the number employed might well be baffled.

Want of space now compels me to omit much interesting matter regarding the means employed for the detection of the Terror who had so successfully eluded all pursuit. Suffice it to say here that the poor little, inoffensive Jew Peser, known as "Leather-apron," was eventually set at liberty, as was every other prisoner who fell under the suspicion of the police.

I pass on to the summing-up of Mr. Wynne-Baxter, the coroner, and the most sensational of all the statements made and theories advanced in connection with the Whitechapel crimes of 1888. Mr. Baxter was remarkably clear and succinct in laying the whole case before the jury, and they listened to him patiently and carefully until he came to the extraordinary communication he had to make. Then they bent forward, with lips apart, and glistening eyes, their ears strained to the utmost to catch every word that he uttered.

THE SUMMING-UP OF THE CORONER.

"The deceased was a widow, aged forty-seven," he began. "Her husband had been a coachman (not a veterinary surgeon, as stated by some of the witnesses) living at Windsor. For three or four years before his death she had lived apart from him, and he allowed her ten shillings a week until his death at Christmas, 1886. She had evidently lived an immoral life for some time, and her habits and surroundings had become worse since her means had failed. She no longer visited her relations, and her brother had not seen her for five months, when she borrowed a small sum. She lived chiefly in the doss-houses of Spitalfields, where such as she herd like cattle. She showed signs of great deprivation as though badly fed.

"The glimpses of life in these cases are sufficient to make us feel that there is much in Nineteenth Century civilisation of which we have small reason to be proud. The older bruises on her breast were the result of some trumpery doss-house quarrel.

"On Friday afternoon and evening her time was spent at 35, Dorset Street, and in The Ringers public-house, where she spent what she had, so that between one and two in the morning she was obliged to admit she was without means to pay for her bed, and at once turned out into the street to find it—at 1.45 a.m.

"On her wedding finger she was wearing two or three rings of no value.

"We now lose sight of her for about four hours, but at half-past five a Mrs. Long is in Hanbury Street on her way from her home in Church Street, Whitechapel, to Spitalfields Market. She walked on the north side of the road, and she remembers having seen a man and woman standing a few yards from the place where the body was afterwards found, and though she did not know Annie Chapman, she was positive that she was that woman. The couple were talking loudly, but not sufficiently so to rouse suspicions that anything was wrong. The words that Mrs. Long heard was the laconic inquiry of the man, 'Will you?' and the simple assent of the woman viewed in the light of subsequent events can be easily translated and explained.

"There is some conflict in the evidence as to the time the deceased was despatched. Inaccuracy is not unusual in such details, but this variation is not very great, nor very important. She was found dead about six. She was not in the yard when John Richardson was there at ten minutes to five. She was talking outside the house at half-past five when Mrs. Long passed them. The witness Cadosh says it was about twenty minutes past five when he was in the back yard of the adjoining house and heard a voice say, 'No,' and three or four minutes afterwards a fall against the fence, but if he is out of his reckoning but a quarter of an hour the discrepancy in the evidence of fact vanishes, and he may be mistaken, for he says he did not get up till 5.15, and it was after the half-hour when he passed Spitalfields clock. It is true that Dr. Phillips thinks that when he saw the body at 6.30 deceased had been dead at least two hours, but he admits that the coldness of the morning and the great loss of blood may affect his opinion, and if the evidence of the other witnesses be correct Dr. Phillips has miscalculated the effect of these forces.

"But many minutes after Mrs. Long passed them cannot have elapsed before deceased was a mutilated corpse in the yard of 29, Hanbury Street, close by where she was last seen by any witness. This place is a fair sample of a large number of houses in the neighbourhood. Built like hundreds of others for Spitalfields weavers, and, when hand-looms were driven out by steam, these were converted into dwellings for the poor. It is about the size of a superior artisan's house in the country, but its condition is such as would to a certainty leave it without a tenant. In

this place seventeen persons were living, from a woman and her son sleeping in a cat's-meat shop on the ground floor, to Davis, his wife, and three grown-up sons sleeping together in an attic. The street door and yard door were never locked, and the passage and yard appear to have been constantly used by people who had no legitimate business there. There can be little doubt deceased knew the place, for it was only some three to four hundred yards from where she lodged. If so it is quite unnecessary to assume that her companion had any knowledge. In fact, it is easier to believe that he was ignorant both of the nest of living beings by whom he was surrounded and of their occupations and habits. Some were on the move late at night, some were up long before the sun. Thomson, the carman, left for his work as early as half-past three; an hour later John Richardson was paying the house a visit of inspection; shortly after 5.15 Cadosh, who lived in the next house was in the adjoining yard twice. Davis, the carman, who occupied the third floor front, heard the church clock strike a quarter to six, got up, had a cup of tea, and went into the back yard, and was horrified to find the mangled body of deceased. It was then a little after six—a very little—for, at ten minutes past Inspector

LITTLE KNOTS OF HOMELESS OUTCASTS.

Chandler had been informed of the discovery when on duty in Commercial Street.

"There is nothing to suggest the deceased was not fully conscious of what she was doing. True, she had passed through some stages of intoxication, for though she appeared sober to the friend who met her in Dorset Street at five, she had been drinking afterwards, and when she left the lodging-house shortly before two the night-watchman noticed her the worse for drink, though not badly so, while the deputy asserts that, although she had evidently been drinking, she could walk straight. It was probably only malt liquors she had taken, and their effects would pass of quicker than spirits. Consequently it was not surprising that Mrs. Long saw nothing to make her think the deceased was worse for drink. Moreover, it was unlikely she had any opportunity after. Again, the post-mortem shows that the stomach contained a meal, and there was no sign of fluid, nor appearance of having taken alcohol, and Dr. Phillips is convinced she had not taken any alcohol for some time. She was, therefore, in full possession of her faculties, although with a very different object to her companion.

"From the evidence the condition of the yard affords, and the medical examination discloses, it appears that after having passed through the passage and opened the swing door at the end, they descended the three steps into the yard. On their left was the recess between the steps and the palings. Here, a few feet from the house, and a less distance from the palings, they must have stood. The wretch must then have seized the deceased, perhaps with Judas-like approaches. He seized her by the chin. He pressed her throat, and while thus preventing the slightest cry he at the same time produced insensibility and suffocation. There is no evidence of any struggle. The clothes were not torn. Even in these preliminaries the wretch seems to have known how to carry out efficiently his nefarious work. The deceased was then lowered to the ground and laid on her back, and although in doing so she may have fallen slightly against the fence this movement was probably effected with care. Her throat was then cut in two places with savage determination and the injuries to the abdomen commenced. All was done with cool impudence and reckless daring; but, perhaps, nothing is more noticeable than the emptying of her pockets and the arrangement of their contents with business-like precision in order near her feet.

"The murder seems, like the Buck's Row case, to have been carried out without a cry. There were sixteen people in the house, the partitions of which were of wood. Davis was not asleep after three o'clock, except for three-quarters of an hour, or less, from five to a quarter to six. Mrs. Richardson only dozed after three, and heard no noise during the night. Mrs. Hardman, who occupies the front ground floor room, did not wake till the noise of finding the body, and none of the occupants of the neighbouring houses to the yard heard anything suspicious.

"The brute who committed the offence did not even take the trouble to cover up his ghastly work, but left the body exposed to the view of the first comer. This accords but little with the trouble taken with the rings, and suggests either that he had at length been disturbed, or that, as day broke, a sudden fear suggested the danger of detection that he was running.

"There were two things missed. Her rings had been taken from her fingers, and not found; and the uterus had been taken from the abdomen. The body had not been

dissected, but the injuries had been made by someone with a considerable anatomical skill and knowledge. There are no meaningless cuts. The organ has been taken by one who knew where to find it, what difficulties he would have to contend against, and how he should use the knife so as to abstract the organ without injury to it. No unskilful person would have known where to find it, or have recognised it when found. For instance, no mere slaughterer of animals could have carried out these operations. It must have been someone accustomed to the post-mortem room.

"The conclusions that the desire to possess the missing organ was his object are overwhelming. If the object had been robbery, the injuries to the viscera are meaningless, for death had previously resulted from loss of blood at the neck. Moreover, when we find an easily-accomplished theft of some paltry brass rings and an internal organ, taken after at least a quarter of an hour's work, and taken by a skilled person, we are driven to the deduction that the abstraction of the missing portion of the abdominal viscera was the object, and the theft of rings a thin-veiled blind—an attempt to prevent the real intention being discovered. The amount missing would go into a breakfast-cup, and, had not the medical examination been of a thorough and searching character, it might easily have been left unnoticed that any portion of the body was taken.

"The difficulty in believing that this was the purport of the murder is only natural. It is abhorrent to our feelings that a life should be taken for so slight an object, but, when rightly considered, the reasons for most murders are altogether out of proportion to the guilt. It has been suggested that the criminal is a lunatic with morbid feelings. It may or may not be so, but the object of the murder appears palpably shown by the facts, and it is not necessary to show lunacy, for it is clear that there is a market for the missing organ.

"To show this I must mention a fact, which at the same time proves the assistance publicity and the Press afford in the detection of crime. Within a few hours of the issue of the papers with a report of the medical evidence at last sitting I received a communication from an officer in one of our great medical schools that they had information which might or might not have a distinct bearing on our inquiry. I attended at the first opportunity, and was informed by the sub-curator of the Pathological Museum that some months ago an American had called upon him and asked him to procure a number of specimens of the organ that was missing in the deceased. He stated his willingness to give £20 a piece for each specimen. He said his object was to issue an actual specimen with each copy of a publication on which he was engaged. He was told the request was impossible to be complied with, but he still urged the request. He wished them preserved, not in spirits of wine, the usual medium, but in glycerine, in order to preserve them in a flaccid condition, and he wished them sent to America direct. It is known that this request was repeated in another similar institution. Now is it not possible that knowledge of this demand may have incited some abandoned wretch to possess himself of a specimen? It seems beyond belief that such inhuman wickedness could enter into the mind of any man, but, unfortunately, our criminal annals prove every crime possible.

"I need hardly say I at once communicated my information to Scotland Yard Detective Department. Of course, I don't know what use has been made of it, but I believe publicity may still further elucidate the matter. By means of the Press we may get further information from America, if not from here.

"Gentlemen, I have endeavoured to suggest the object of the crime and the class of person who must have committed it. The greatest deterrent from crime is the conviction that detection and punishment will follow with rapidity and certainty, and it may be that the impunity with which Mary Ann Smith (the Whitechapel Road case of April) and Ann Tabram (another undetected crime) were murdered suggested the possibility of such horrid crimes as those which you and another jury have recently been considering. Therefore, it is a great misfortune that three weeks have elapsed since this awful tragedy without the chief actor being discovered. Surely it is not too much yet to hope that the ingenuity of our detective force will succeed in unearthing this monster. It is not now as if there were no clue to the character of the criminal or the cause of the crime. His object is clearly divulged. His anatomical knowledge carries him out of the catagory of a common criminal, for that knowledge could only have been obtained by assisting at post-mortems, or by frequenting the post-mortem room. Thus the class to watch is limited, though large. And he must have been a man who was from home, if not all night, at least during the early hours of September 8. His hands were undoubtedly blood-stained, for he did not stop to use the tap in the yard, as the pan of clear water under it showed. If the theory of lunacy be correct—which I very much doubt—the class is still further limited; while, if Mrs. Long's memory does not fail, and the assumption is correct that the man talking to the deceased at 5.30 was the culprit, he is even more clearly defined. In addition to his former description we should know he was a foreigner, of dark complexion, over forty, a little taller than deceased, of shabby-genteel appearance, with brown deer-stalker hat, and dark coat.

"If your views are like mine, we are confronted by a murder of no ordinary character, committed, not from jealousy, revenge, or robbery, but from motives less adequate than the many which still disgrace our civilisation, mar our progress, and blot the pages of our Christianity."

The coroner then thanked the jury for their attention and assistance, and the usual verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown" was pronounced.

Before referring to the comments in the Press and elsewhere upon the statement given forth by Mr. Wynne-Baxter, I should like to point out what I conceive to be an error in his deductions from the medical evidence. He gives it as his opinion that the woman was murdered while standing in the recess between the steps and the paling. What reason could he have for drawing that inference? To my mind the victim was lying down when the crime was committed, as the position of the knees would tend to show. The congested state of the brain, of course, points to strangulation, but that could be much more easily accomplished when the woman was on her back, and so almost entirely at the assassin's mercy. I hold that in every "Ripper" murder the victim placed herself voluntarily in the position which conduced to the facility with which the deed was wrought. There was an iron grip on the throat, and then the terrible slash with the long, thin knife.

HANTUTE's table of convictions, compared with the number of executions, shows thus:

Period.	Convictions yearly.	Executed yearly.	Per 1,000 convictions.
1801-20 ...	9,600 ...	85 ...	9.0
1821-30 ...	18,100 ...	18 ...	3.7
1831-50 ...	25,000 ...	18 ...	0.7

AN action was brought in the Court of Queen's Bench Walk (as it was then) against a Mr. Walter, to recover a sum of money expended by a person named Anok, in wine, spirits, malt liquors, and other refreshments, during a contest for the representation of the Borough of Southwark. One of the witnesses, who, it appears, was chairman of Mr. Walter's committee, swore that everything the committee had to eat or drink went through him. By a remarkable coincidence, the counsel for the plaintiff in this tippling case was Mr. Lush.

A DISTRACTED DEATH-DEALER MUDDLES A MURDER.

A Slaughtered Innocent.

"Just new to life, by too severe a doom,
Snatched from the cradle to the silent tomb."
—VIRGIL, "Æneid."

IT was a bright autumn evening, that 3rd of September, 1821, when John Wright, with him wife and child, came home to his humble lodgings in the environs of Wolverhampton.

Sarah Lees, with whom the husband and child lodged, standing at her cottage door, watched the trio advancing through the twilight with an expression of obvious satisfaction on her homely features.

"So Mrs. Wright has come back with him!" she murmured in a satisfied tone. "I wonder whether she will stop this time? She ought, for the dear little innocent boy's sake. But I fancy she does not get on well with her man, because there is some other chap hanging after her."

And Mrs. Lees shook her head sagely.

By this time Mr. and Mrs. Wright and young Jem had reached the house, and, with a word of salutation to the landlady, had passed upstairs to their lodgings.

The couple presented the appearance of respectable working folks, the woman, perhaps, rather "dressy" and the man somewhat shabby for their class, but nothing very abnormal or noticeable. The child was a pale-faced, delicate-looking boy of about five.

When the couple and the child had ascended to their quarters, Sarah Lees, with a landlady's natural curiosity—for are they not all daughters of Eve?—stood at her door, that gave into the passage, and plainly heard subdued sounds of altercation from the floor above, with an occasional scream from the child.

After a time these indications of strife subsided, and Sarah Lees sought her couch in her small back room. Here, however, she lay restless, tossing about and much troubled in mind.

"I'm glad she's come home with him!" she murmured to herself; "but I suppose it's only for the night. I pity the poor little boy, who is a dear child. When a man can't get in work, and his wife has to turn out a bread-winner for three people, it's hard on her. And, of course, beyond her board, Mrs. Wright doesn't get much, and doesn't often come home here. There's rent owing to me, and I believe Wright and poor little Jem are half-starved."

With that Sarah Lees dropped off into a troubled slumber, to be awakened again and again by the noises from above, frequently punctuated by the child's crying or screams.

Sarah Lees was, indeed, a good-hearted and kindly-natured woman. Poor Wright, her lodger, had been out of work for some time, and his wife had been obliged to return to service. Her earnings were, however, very small, and her absence from home caused much discomfort both to her husband and child.

Early on the next morning Mrs. Lees heard Wright's heavy footstep descending the staircase. Then he unlocked the street door and went out. "Doubtless," thought the wakeful Mrs. Lees, "to buy something for breakfast. I suppose Mrs. Wright has taken some wages."

Wright soon returned, and the landlady could hear her lodgers moving about and still apparently "nagging" at each other. Then, after a good interval, the man again descended, and before he closed the outer door called up the stairs:

"Well, wench, you'll get my dinner ready? I'm going to look for some work!"

Soon after his departure Mrs. Wright also came down, leaving little Jemmy upstairs, and left the house.

"I believe that she's a bad lot!" exclaimed Mrs. Lees, as she watched her lodger off, and noted her pretentious but flimsy garments. "She does not care a bit for her man or her child. I should not wonder if she has a fancy chap somewhere."

Two or three times Mrs. Lees heard little Jemmy, locked up in the room above, wail and sob; but she was accustomed to this, and thought little of it.

Soon after mid-day Wright came home. He went upstairs, but, immediately descending, knocked at the landlady's door, and asked her:

"Why hasn't my wife got me my dinner?" The landlady noted that the appearance of the man's face was very stern and angry.

"Nay, lad, I do not know; but she went out very soon after ye."

Wright stamped his foot savagely, and growled:

"Ah ha! That's it, is it? I'm sure she's off again! I'll make somebody pay for this! I'll not stand it!"

And he ended with some violent imprecations which much surprised the landlady, who knew he was not a swearing man as a rule. Indeed, so distraught and wild did Wright look that the landlady feared he was either insane or verging upon it, and she tried ineffectually to soothe him.

"Won't you go up, Wright, and stay with little Jem till your wife comes home?"

"Will she come home?"

"I suppose so, but, of course, do not know."

"When will she return?"

"La! Wright, how should I know? She said nothing to me—only just nodded."

"No, I cannot wait."

"Why not? What can you do better?"

"I need food, and so does the poor little chap. He is crying of hunger, and I could not bear to stay with him."

"If that's all, Wright, there's a bit of cold meat and a loaf in the cupboard, and surely you and dear little Jemmy are quite welcome to a square feed."

"Thank you kindly, Mrs. Lees. It is very good of you, but Jem and I will not yet be paupers and fed by charity, and I owe you rent I cannot at present pay, and——"

"Ah, well, you will pay me when you get into regular employ."

"I will. I gave every doit of my small earnings to that—that hussy, and she has gone off and provided no food for me and her child, curse her!"

Again he stamped savagely, and rushed from the house.

He left the landlady sufficiently miserable, for the occasional sobs of the child had now become a continuous and persistent wail, which tortured the woman's somewhat susceptible heart.

"Poor boy!" she sighed; "I cannot aid you, for you are locked in, and a slice of bread and butter will not go through the keyhole.

The afternoon wore on, until presently Wright returned. His aspect appalled the kindly landlady. His countenance was stern, forbidding, and savage. He was bareheaded, and his clothes were dripping with water.

"Why, Wright, have you been falling into the canal?"

"Humph! Yes, I suppose so, Mrs. Lees."

"You have been trying to make away with yourself, man!"

"Pity I did not succeed, then."

"Don't say that!"

"I do say it, mistress. There's nothing left to me to live for."

"Yes, there is—the boy. And do not forget that for self-murder there is hell."

"Self-murder! Murder! Hell!—ha! ha! But the boy—yes, I must provide for him."

So wild and savage was Wright's aspect, so violent his gestures, and so excited his words, that Mrs. Lees could not but feel a considerable degree of alarm. She thought—and subsequent events proved the correctness of her idea—that her lodger's mind was giving way, and that he was on the high road to insanity.

"Shall I make up a fire and dry your clothes, Wright?" she called upstairs after the man had ascended.

"No!" came back, shortly and savagely.

Presently the man descended, accompanied by little Jemmy.

"Are you going out again?" asked the landlady tremulously. "If Mrs. Wright comes back, where shall I tell her you have gone to?"

"She'll not come back!" responded Wright.

"Stuff! Don't give up hope—even for the boy's sake."

"Ah, poor child!" and Wright looked at the boy with a regard of tender, ineffable love. "Poor little fellow! Thy naughty, wicked mother has left us again."

However, in the result, the persuasions of the landlady succeeded—backed as they were by some substantial slices of bread and butter for Jem and a clay pipe and some tobacco for his father—in inducing Wright to stop at home and give his wife another chance of returning.

The day and night, however, passed without such return, and the next morning, about seven o'clock, Wright started from home, smoking a pipe and leading the boy.

From this episode it would appear either that Wright's heart had at first failed him, or else that his insanity had not reached its climax.

Later in the day Wright found his way back to Sarah Lees' house.

"Where's the boy?" she queried.

"Workhouse!" was the curt reply.

"Now, Wright," exclaimed the sympathetic woman, "you must pluck up your spirits and endeavour to forget your neglectful wife, for it is clear she cares naught for ye."

Later on Wright implored his landlady to go and ask his uncle Samuel to come to him. He was then in a most excited state. When his two uncles, Samuel and James, had joined him, the unhappy man confessed to them that he had murdered his little boy by drowning him in the Wednesfield Canal.

Utterly hopeless and despairing, he had thrown Jemmy in once, and his heart, so he said, failing him, he had rescued

SHE SAW A WILD-LOOKING MAN STANDING BY A CHILD.

"Where are you going to take Jemmy?" asked Mrs. Lees. "To one of his uncles?"

"No, Mrs. Lees. They are both bachelors, and could not take care of a young child."

"Where, then?"

"There is but one place—the workhouse."

The landlady gave a little gasp. She had the prejudices of her class—the working class—against that last monotonous refuge of the poverty-stricken.

"Could she take the boy?" she asked herself. Alas! no. She was too poor, and if Wright could not get work he could neither contribute to the child's support nor pay his own rent.

So, regretfully, the kind-hearted landlady saw them depart, Wright having refused her kindly offer of a breakfast.

* * * * * *

On the morning of September 5th, a certain Mary Anderson, who lived not far from the Hampton Lock on the Wednesfield Canal, was passing through a gate to go for some milk, when she saw a wild-looking man standing by a child on the canal bank. The lad's clothes were drenched with water, and he was lying on the grass near by. Mary Anderson had often known of children falling into the canal, and she naturally asked the man if he had drawn the little one out and saved it. To this query the man—it was Wright—answered in the affirmative.

"Ay," responded Mary, "'tis a good job you saved the little chap, so as to give him his chance in the world."

"Not much chance here, lass, for such as him, I fancy," was the sulky response.

him just before Mary Anderson had seen them both at Hampton Lock. Later, in spite of the poor little fellow's piteous entreaties and prayers, Wright had consummated the crime. Then he confessed both to his uncles and Sarah Lees, and one of the former dived into the canal and recovered the body.

In due course, Wright was arrested on the charge of wilful murder, and was tried on that charge at the Staffordshire Assizes before Baron Garrow on the 24th of March, 1821. The judge delivered a most lucid and feeling charge, and the murderer was found not guilty because he committed the act imputed to him while in a state of insanity.

THE percentage of criminals as regards sex in Germany is 826 males to 174 females; and in Denmark 754 to 240.

IN the midst of a crowd of elegant persons, slowly making their way to the scene of an execution, a remarkably corpulent gentleman, who was closely following a fine girl, amused himself by certain tender squeezes and amatory whispers, which at length so annoyed the fair one that, turning her head round as far as the circumstances of the case would admit, she exclaimed, with great sharpness of tone, "Be quiet, sir! I wish you would leave me alone!" "Very well, my dear," said her plump persecutor. "But pray don't eat me!" "You are in no danger," replied the nymph; "I am a Jewess."

A BRISTOL Clergyman's Ordeal.

Heroic Chivalry Earns a Convict's Dress.

"Nothing is more easy than to deceive oneself, as our affections are subtle persuaders."
—DEMOSTHENES.

PART I.

THE Reverend Samuel Smith and his wife Sarah were placed at the bar of the Gloucestershire Assizes on the 7th April, 1858, on an extraordinary charge of maliciously cutting and wounding one John Leach, with intent to murder him.

John Leach lived at Shirley, near Croydon, and at the time of the trial was a road contractor. In the year 1846 he was light porter at Messrs. Swan and Edgar's, Regent Street. During the time he was there the female prisoner came as servant, and remained there about two years. Her maiden name was Sarah Mills, Leach was there the whole time and afterwards.

When she left Swan and Edgar's he was on intimate terms with her, and after she went to a place in Tottenham Court Road he continued to visit her. He went to see her on Good Friday, 1849, and upon that occasion he saw the male prisoner there. Leach took her for a walk, and Smith saw them both upon their departure and return. The girl asserted that Smith was anxious to pay his addresses to her, and that he was a Cambridge University man.

About a month afterwards the girl suddenly left Tottenham Court Road, and it was not for some months after he had written to her at an address in Canterbury that Leach had a communication from her, appointing a meeting, and he went there, subsequently accompanying her to Whitstable, where they stayed with one of her relatives.

Upon this occasion the girl told Leach that she was married before she left London to Mr. Smith, who stayed with her about three days, and then returned to Cambridge, and that he had since written saying that they were not legally married. She also affirmed that he had offered her a sum of money never to trouble him again. She was staying, she said, in consequence, with her friends in that part of the country.

Later on, while Leach was still at Swan and Edgar's, he met the girl in London, and it was said that she had even gone to that establishment as the prosecutor was securing the premises. Several letters passed between the parties at this time. One of these communications was addressed from the girl, the letter being dated Bristol. A brief affair, we give it *in extenso:*

"January 23, 1858.

"My dear Friend,—I am now living in the country near Bristol, a widow with three children. My husband treated me more kindly towards the last. He has left me £1,000. If you have not forgotten the promise you made to me on the night when we were together by the seaside in 1849, I should be glad to see you once more, if you are not engaged. Write to S. M., care of Mr. Lasbury, bookseller, Park Street, Bristol, to say if you can come, and I will write to you again to tell you where to meet me.

"I remain, yours sincerely,

"S. M."

In the interval it appears also that Leach had married, but that his wife had died after two years. He sent a letter promising to see "S. M." as desired, but one or two other communications passed before the parties, by a subsequent understanding, met at Bristol at five o'clock one afternoon.

When Leach got to the platform of the Bristol and Birmingham station, he saw a gentleman go into the waiting-room who he thought very much like the gentleman who had been pointed out to him as Mr. Smith. Afterwards, waiting a short time, he espied Mrs. Smith coming up the stairs leading to the platform. She was dressed in a dark grey shawl, and she wore widow's weeds.

Leach passed the usual greeting, and remarked upon her looking unwell, inquiring how long Mr. Smith had been dead.

"Six weeks," she replied.

"It is very strange," said Leach, "while I have been on the platform waiting for you I saw a gentleman go into the waiting-room who was very like what I remember of Mr. Smith."

"How could you think so? He has been dead six weeks."

At this time she was wearing her veil up, so that her face could be plainly seen. Leach asked her where she wanted tickets for, and she replied, 'Yate." The prosecutor, who was an entire stranger, went and got two first-class tickets for Yate, leaving her on the platform. They then journeyed to their destination, where the train went without any stop-

Saw a gentleman go into the waiting-room.

page. Upon their arrival Leach followed Mrs. Smith through a gate with the main part of the other passengers. When they got through this gate, she wanted to negotiate another gate beyond the station. She wished to go through that, as her friend Mr. Isaacs was coming to meet her in case she did not come by the train.

There was considerable difficulty over this gate, which they could not find because it was so dark, and when the stationmaster came with a light, he said that it would be impossible to cross "the common" on such a dark night. She had not previously made any suggestion as to a common. The irrepressible "widow" said she was sure she could find the way when she got to the hedge, and that she expected to meet her friend by that way. After this remark the stationmaster accompanied them with his light as far as the common.

It was very dark and foggy at the time. After they had proceeded about 150 yards, Leach asked Mrs. Smith if she was sure she could find her way, and she said she could as soon as she found the hedge.

At last she called out, "We're lost!"

At that time Leach was feeling for the hedge with his umbrella, and immediately after she repeated:

"We are lost!"

"I am lost, too," a man's voice exclaimed in the darknes of the night.

This was followed by a crashing sound on Leach's cranium, and a human form was seen a yard or two away, holding a weapon in his hand.

It was "the late" Reverend Samuel Smith!

Leach was struck several times on the head. There was a scrimmage, and Leach caught hold of the attacking party by the collar with his left hand, clutching with the other hand the wrist of his assailant.

Business was very brisk for some time, and the issue was very doubtful. As a voice from the wilderness several persons heard the cry of "Murder! help!" and at once assistance was forthcoming, and lights were procured.

Smith got up and made an effort to get away, when Leach called out, "Stop that man, he has nearly killed me."

The reply was, "The first man that molests me I'll blow his brains out."

Leach was borne away to a neighbouring inn, where his

The cooper asked if he should go for the police, but Smith "did not think it worth while troubling about it, as he had come off so well, and that it would cause extra expense." He added that if he had had a pistol he would have shot the man as soon as he would a fox, and Mrs. Smith chimed in by saying she "never witnessed such a scene before."

The pair at length arrived home, and the mystery attending their respective departures was deepened when they returned between one and two in the morning.

One of the maids, in the routine of her duties, found that her mistress's petticoats, which were lying on the bed, were very dirty. One of the children said, "Oh, mamma, how dirty you have made your petticoats!" And the lady replied, "Papa and I kept slipping about when we were out." A day or two afterwards the servant went into the garret, and found the bath nearly full of dirty water. The master's coat was hung up there, wet, and the mistress was afterwards found to be very busily engaged in washing a great many things, among them Mr. Smith's shirt, necktie, and collar, and this was the first occasion when Mrs. Smith had been known to perform such menial duties.

CAUGHT HOLD OF HIM BY THE COLLAR.

injuries were attended to; but the avenger had disappeared, as well the "the widow." Not so, however, certain trophies of war; for on the following day there were found a pistol and the sombre-hued "widow's weeds."

It appears that the pair went away together, and that on their travels they gave a romantic history of their adventure, and the details alleged to be given by the parson very much suggested an Ananias. It is evident that the pair had tramped some four and a-half miles to Wickwar, where they sought the offices of a cooper to procure them a conveyance to Bristol.

The story was that they had been attacked by two men. Asked how it was that he came off so lightly, Smith declared that he had not got a scratch.

"Not without a scratch, sir," the man replied, as he put his hand on the stranger's face, and the claret spurted.

Explaining the mêlée further, Smith said that he threw a stone at the first assailant that came up, which he thought had stunned him, and he saw no more of him. He was seized by the other, he said, and a scuffle ensued, and he fell backwards. This man he pounded on the head with a stone.

Such a case naturally excited considerable attention, and the orderly citizens of Bristol were shocked to a man by the painful evidence which was given at the trial, and which was, of course, with a few additions, a repetition of facts which had already filtered through the magisterial hearings.

So far as the evidence goes (we have narrowed it down to a small space), opinion must go dead against the male prisoner. But let us consider his defence, and the sympathy of the crowd now, as then, will undergo modification.

The intellectual abilities of the Rev. Samuel Smith asserted themselves in his masterly address to the jury at the assize, and although we have been compelled to omit many striking passages, we have judged it best to quote his speech at some length. The pathos embodied in his passionate appeal, and his review of his manifold temptations, in which there are some charming instances of heroic devotion, cannot fail to attract the attention of the majority of human beings at this distant date.

Reading the address in his defence, the reverend prisoner said:

"My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury,—On such an occasion as the present it is generally thought unwise for a man to speak for himself. I wish that, in accordance with this opinion, I could think it proper to allow another to tell my painful story; and, further, I hope that my departing from the usual course will not cause you to think me indifferent to the issue of my trial, or ignorant of its importance.

"Standing before you, as I do, charged with a heinous crime, I feel greatly anxious to make to you a clear and true statement of the circumstances which have brought me into this dangerous and disgraceful position. The exact truth you may rely upon, for in that I place my surest hope. But as to the clearness—since what I have lately gone through has tended sadly to confuse my mind—I must trust to your discernment to assist my defects, and I implore you, my lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, by all that you hold dear, by all that you think just and fair, to try and catch from my words that meaning which I attach to them.

"I shall have to tell you of my folly, my shame, and my wrongs. And, oh, if silence could undo what has been done, I would undergo the severest punishment rather than by one word release myself at such a cost. That, however, cannot be. All must be known, and I wish to tell it myself.

"Gentlemen, it is necessary to my defence that I should tell you the history of my marriage. It is impossible otherwise that you can understand the motives of my conduct, and, without understanding these motives, it will be impossible for you to view, in their true light, the facts of this sad case.

"I solemnly assure you that I have no desire to evade or deny any part of the truth. I deem it alike due to you, as well as my own character and station, to reveal every circumstance which can assist your judgment in arriving at a just verdict; conscious that, deplorable as is the position in which I have placed my dear wife as well as myself, we have far less to dread from the whole truth being known than from the cruel constructions which have been publicly and lavishly put upon our conduct by those who, in utter ignorance of all the antecedent facts, have, during the last two months, busied themselves in fabricating a tissue of calumnious imputations, of which the sole object seems to have been to prejudice our case, and, if possible, to prejudice the mind of the jury who were to try us, by imputing to us the basest motives that can actuate the human heart.

"I implore you to reject all preconceived notions from your minds in the discharge of the sacred duties you are sworn to fulfil, as I on my part will deal honestly with you, and take my stand manfully on the facts of the case, without an attempt to avail myself even of such advantages as the law would accord me at the hands of skilled advocates in my behalf. So I feel confident you will deal justly with me, and with the sacred trust committed to you, without allowing yourselves to be biassed by the reckless statements which have, perhaps in a degree seldom equalled, beset this case with prejudice, designed to blast my character, if not to imperil my life itself.

"In September, 1848, I met my present wife, then Sarah Mills, at her aunt's—my brother's wife—at Camden Town, London. I fell strongly in love with her, and proposed marriage. She was 19 years old, the daughter of a small farmer in Kent, and, as I was told, had been in service at Swan and Edgar's—she being one of a large family—and was then waiting to go to another situation in Tottenham Court Road.

"I had not then kept my last term at Cambridge, or should have married at once. We agreed, however, to be married as soon as I could afford it. This hasty match was, of course, formed without consulting any of my friends, which, perhaps, you will be less astonished at when I inform you that my late father, for more than thirty-five years incumbent of Chipping Sodbury, had a large family, and but a limited income, and that, consequently, I had been obliged to earn my own living, and to depend entirely on my own support since the age of sixteen; and had been wont, therefore, to rely upon my judgment on most matters, not having the privilege of consulting a father, as though I had been at home.

"Before I went to Cambridge I had been assistant master at several schools, and after saving a little money I entered the university, worked my way through without assistance from anyone, having been fortunate enough to obtain one of the best scholarships and exhibitions in my college, and took honours as Sen. Opt. in January, 1849.

"I then took my degree, and procured a situation in a school near London, visited Miss Mills constantly, and was now informed by her that a former sweetheart of hers (the prosecutor) when at Swan and Edgar's had come after her again, had met her at her brother's, a policeman, in London, had tried all in his power to set her against me, saying that I only wished to ruin her, etc.

"I was angry at this base conduct, and assured Sarah I wished to marry her honourably, told her to make up her mind to dismiss Leach, which she did, I believe, on Good Friday, 1849, and on Easter Sunday following we agreed to be married at midsummer, and to live in London. We were married in July, 1849, at St. Pancras, went on the same day to Sarah's father, in Kent, and stayed at his farm about a fortnight. During this time, our plan of living in London was changed by my ascertaining that I had obtained the second mastership of the Bishop's College, Bristol, worth £100 a year. This appeared a large sum to my wife's friends, and they seemed rather disappointed when I informed them that as I was going to live near my father's family it would be better for me to leave Sarah with them for a short time till I could get things ready to receive her properly, and could also tell whether the situation would suit me.

"I was to allow her a portion of my income, and to meet her in London, as I should be returning from Cambridge after passing the voluntary theological examination preparatory to ordination.

"I went to Bishop's College in August. After receiving a letter or two from my wife, she said she much desired to come to me, and I wrote back to say I should be most glad to have her near me, but as I was very busy reading, and as my lodgings were not convenient for two, I would get her to live at a large milliner's in Bristol kept by the mother of one of my colleagues, that she might there improve herself a little, and because I did not wish my marriage to be known before Christmas, when I was to enter into Holy Orders.

"My wife wrote back to say she would be most glad to come, but on my informing her that I was not ready to receive her, she replied that her friends were not willing for her to come unless she could reside with me.

"As I was soon to go through London to Cambridge, I desired her to meet me at her brother's, in London, in October, but by some mistake as to time she was not there when I called for her. I therefore left a letter for her at her sister's, the wife of an eminent artist in Camden Square, to express my regret at having missed her, hoping she was not ill, and desiring her to follow me to Bristol, as I could not come to Kent, being obliged to return to my duties at the Bishop's College.

"About a week after my wife came to London with her Aunt Reed, from Kent, and towards the end of October wrote to me to fetch her to Bristol. I went to meet her at her brother's on the 3rd November, 1849, returned to Bristol on the 5th, my wife desiring to remain to the 10th to get her things ready.

"She came to Bristol on the 10th, and went to Mrs. Holesgrove's, the milliner alluded to, I at the same time taking more commodious lodgings at Mrs. Holesgrove's house in Clifton. I was ordained by the late Bishop of this diocese, in December, 1849, chaplain of the Bishop's College. My wife then came to live with me at Mrs. Holesgrove's, in Clifton.

"At the midsummer vacation of 1850, my wife went to her father's in Kent, preparatory to her confinement, and I left her there. I visited her again in September, and she was confined of my eldest daughter Polly, 4th December, 1850. She returned with me to Bristol in January, 1851, and we then took a small house. I did not do so before because I was determined not to spend more than my income.

"My wife was confined again in Kent (whither I accompanied her in the vacation of 1852) of my second daughter, Ann, on the 12th of August. Shortly after my wife's return to Bristol, as my income was rapidly increasing by my obtaining several private pupils, we took a larger house at Clifton, and received boarders, and did very well indeed, and were saving money, having struggled through the first difficulties of our married life. Here our third child, Roger, was born on the 30th of September, 1854.

"In that year I resigned my post at Bishop's College, having been there five years. I took a larger house at Clifton, and opened school on my own account, and had a fourth child, Butler, born 9th December, 1856.

"I obtained many pupils, sons of the first families in Clifton. I gave great satisfaction to the parents, and, together with my wife, was respected by them all. I also took occasional Sunday duty at Bedminster and elsewhere, and I had the charge of various parishes at different times, being appointed thereto by the late and present bishops of the diocese. I possess testimonials of the discharge of my duties from both.

"I was thus, in the very summit of my prosperity, earning rather more than £400 a year, and having at times three or four young men with me, reading for Cambridge and the Army, when the present calamity came upon me, and dashed me and my family to the earth.

"My younger brothers—both of whom took high degrees and honours at Cambridge—have kindly taken charge of my children in this dread hour of affliction and bitter tribulation, the youngest now carrying on my late school pending the issue of your verdict, they well knowing that I have always been most provident in my conduct, and that I was looking forward to a happy future with every prospect of success, when all my hopes were suddenly blasted by the following terrible disclosures thus brought to my knowledge

TO BE CONCLUDED.

His Only Crime.

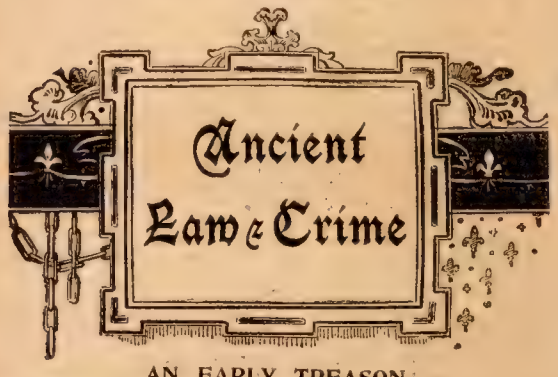
On the Western Circuit, some years ago, there was a barrister who was celebrated among his colleagues for his unfortunate knack of bungling every case with which he was intrusted, and whose peculiar aggressiveness had gained for him quite a notoriety in the towns through which he had to pass while Sessions were in progress. At Exeter he was defending a farmer who was charged with some petty offence, and against whom but slight evidence was brought. To the astonishment of all in court, hour after hour passed before the jury returned to the box. Five hours had elapsed, and at last the jurors entered the court and asked for instruction.

"Some point of law you wish explained?" suggested the judge.

"No, sir," replied the foreman. "What we want to know is whether the defendant chose Mr. X for his counsel, or whether the Court appointed him to act for the prisoner?"

"The prisoner selected his own counsel," answered the judge. On hearing this the jury filed out of the court, and within five minutes returned with a verdict of "Guilty."

Astonished at this, the judge again inquired if they were satisfied as to the prisoner's guilt, when, to his amazement, a juror replied: "We'm not zure as to th' guilt, but th' fool what has Mr. X for counsel deserves to suffer!"



AN EARLY TREASON.

From the remotest periods of Eastern civilisation of which any records have come down to us, we find that conspiracies against the person of the Sovereign, or against the State, have been of frequent occurrence. These conspiracies were in a large measure the work of malcontents who were attached to the court, and who in many instances had private ends to serve by their treasonable actions.

The earliest record of such a conspiracy dates from the time of Amenemhat I., King of Egypt, about B.C. 2466, and is preserved in a document of which two copies exist.

It appears from what this document tells us that when Amenemhat ascended the throne he found the country in a very disturbed state. Many of the minor officials refused to obey their superiors, and even in the palace itself discontent existed, especially among the higher officials attached to the person of the king. One evening the king, after having had supper, went to his chamber to take a little rest. Hardly had he gone to sleep than he was suddenly awakened by a noise close to his couch. He sprang to his feet, and found himself in the presence of a number of armed men who had entered his chamber to assassinate him. Quickly taking in the situation, the king wrenched the sword from the man nearest to him, and smote him to the ground; he then struck the others, who were so taken by surprise at the suddenness with which the king fell upon them, that they fled in all directions.

Unfortunately, we are not told what punishment was inflicted upon the conspirators, but we may judge from the fate of a certain man who headed a conspiracy which originated in the harem in the days of Rameses III., about B.C. 1200. Rameses III. was the son of the King Set-nekht, and reigned over Egypt from about B.C. 1200-1166. He appears to have been early associated with his father on the throne, and to have passed the greater part of his youth among scenes of revolt and bloodshed, and when at last he ascended the throne as absolute ruler, he was obliged to put down any number of revolts in his own country, as well as in many of the small States which had become tributory to it.

Towards the close of his reign a conspiracy was on foot which, curiously enough, had its origin among the ladies of the court, aided by certain officials of high standing. It had for its object the deposition and assassination of the king in order to place upon the throne a man named Pen-ta-urt, who was the son of one of the royal concubines named Thü. It appears that there existed great hatred between this woman Thü and the Queen Auset, and it was the ambition of the former to have her son proclaimed king instead of the legitimate son of Auset.

Thü won over to her cause many of the ladies of the harem, and between them they succeeded in corrupting Paibakakamen, the steward, the Royal Chancellor, Mestsu-Ra, the inspector, Paanauk, and last, but not least, Pentuau, a scribe, together with a number of other personages of high rank.

Having formed their plot, the conspirators next sought out a man who should communicate their intentions to their fellow malcontents outside the palace, and for this questionable duty they selected the steward, Paibakakamen, firstly because his high position at court placed him above suspicion, and secondly, because he could enter or leave the palace at any time he wished without being questioned as to his movements.

"He carried their words," so runs the official account, "to their mothers and their brothers outside the palace." The relatives of the harem conspirators were told to stir up the common people, and so bring about a general rebellion. It appears that one of the means it was intended to apply to make the cause a perfect success was to incite the troops stationed in Ethiopia (Nubia) to revolt, and as the commander of the Egyptian garrison in the south was favourable to the plot, a general insurrection was anticipated. This commander was won over to the conspirators' side by the influence of his sister, who was herself one of the harem plotters.

There were, however, many in the palace who did not favour the idea, and in order to get rid of these, they resorted, according to the custom and superstition of the time, to the use of magic, and particularly that class of it which was known as the black art.

For this purpose they obtained the services of a certain cattle inspector, named Pen-hui-ban, who, besides the peaceful occupation of agricultural inspector, also practised magic and was well known for his skill in that direction. This man obtained from the royal library at Thebes a book or roll of papyrus which contained magical formula, and from the instructions therein given he made figures of men in wax upon which he wrote certain words supposed to contain magical power. These wax figures were then introduced into the palace and given into the hands of the ladies concerned in the plot, who, by the help of these amulets, thought that they could make themselves irresistible to those whom they wanted to gain to their cause.

We must explain at this point that it was believed throughout the ancient East that if a person made a likeness of another in wax, then wrote words of magic upon it, and having wished that the person represented might be drowned, murdered, blinded, afflicted with disease, or that any other evil might happen to them, and after having so wished, the figure be thrown in the fire, the wish would be fulfilled on the person indicated. Such was the object of the figures which Pen-hui-ban made and caused to be distributed in the palace.

But the effect of these figures and the conspiracy generally was doomed to be frustrated, for, before the plot had been properly formed, certain persons who were not of the

party informed the King, with the result that one and all of the conspirators were arrested.

Rameses immediately appointed a commission of inquiry, and told the members charged with investigating the matter to compel those who were found to be the ringleaders to commit suicide, but that those who were less responsible and took but little active part in the plot were to receive a punishment of a less serious nature.

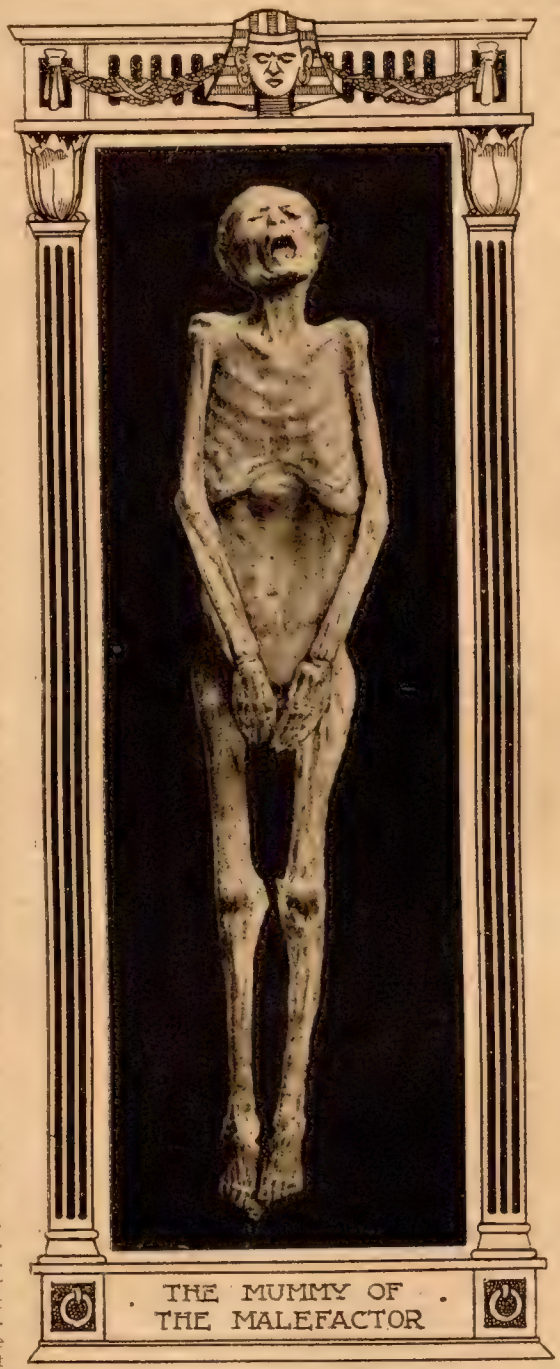
The court of inquiry consisted of eleven judges, six of whom tried the persons who were held to be less responsible in the matter, and whose sentences were no doubt of a comparatively light nature, while the other five tried the principal offenders—namely, Pen-ta-urt, the son of Thü, the Ethiopian general, the steward, Paibakakamen, and the royal scribes.

From the first it appears that the case was extremely black against Pen-ta-urt, and as it will no doubt be of especial value to our readers, we give a passage from an official document relating to the case:

"Pen-ta-urt, who is also called by another name, was brought before the court and charged with being concerned in the conspiracy which his mother, Thü, hatched, together with the women of the harem, and that he also acted in a manner hostile to his lord the King, having been examined by the officers of the court, the judges found him guilty, and he was sent to his own house, where he died by his own hand."

It is curious to note, and shows the corruption of the Oriental court even in those remote days, that towards the close of the proceedings it was suddenly discovered that three of the six judges who were trying the cases of lesser consequence were themselves members of the conspiracy. These fine specimens of judicial administration were tried at once, and, being also found guilty, were sentenced to death.

We have seen above that Pen-ta-urt, who attempted to seize the throne of Egypt, and who was, therefore, the cause of all the disturbance, was condemned to death, and, moreover, as the inscription states, "death by his own hand," in other words, the sentence of the court was that he had to commit suicide. This was a form of punishment reserved mostly for persons of high rank, for although the public executioner was not unknown in Ancient Egypt, criminals of high station and officials of rank were permitted to kill themselves at home, to avoid a public scandal and disgrace being brought upon their families.



THE MUMMY OF THE MALEFACTOR

In the year 1881 Professor Maspero discovered at Deir el Bahri, a few miles from Thebes, a large number of mummies, which on examination proved to be the mummies of many of the most eminent kings of Egypt. Among these were Seti I., Rameses II., Rameses III., and the mummy of a man in a plain coffin without ornament or inscription of any kind, and, on being unrolled (see illustration), showed that it had not been embalmed in the ordinary way, but had simply been soaked in bitumen, or liquid pitch, and then bandaged. The hands and feet were bound with strong thongs; the hands were drawn up and the feet contracted, as though in great agony; the abdomen has entirely collapsed, the chest and stomach are thrown more than usually forward, the face has a painful expression, the lower jaw has dropped, and the lips are drawn away from the teeth, the whole body being expressive of extreme agony, such as a person might be expected to represent who had died a violent death. There can be little, if any, doubt that we have here before us the mortal remains of Pen-ta-urt, who presumed to the throne of the Pharaohs about the twelfth century B.C.

By what manner of death Pen-ta-urt died it is impossible to say for certain. At first it was thought that he was bandaged up and buried alive, but an external examination of the mummy has shown that such cannot have been the case, and it is now generally believed that he died from the effects of an irritant poison, like datura stramonium or thorn-apple, which was a favourite poison with the ancients. Be this as it may, the mummy lies now in the Cairo Museum, an awful example of the penalties exacted from criminals engaged in treasonable transactions in the days of the Pharaohs.

In conclusion a word may be said as to the reason why the Ancient Egyptians adopted suicide as a means of punishment when the capital sentence had to be carried out. It was this. The Egyptian was one of the most devout worshippers of the gods. He looked forward to, and expected to live for ever with, his favourite god, Osiris, in the next world, but this could not be expected by any person who had laid hands upon himself, for by doing so he would, according to their teaching, have destroyed his spirit or soul, which he considered it was not lawful for him to do—in other words, he died the second death, and for such a one there could not be any hope for a life hereafter, which was every pious Egyptian's ambition to gain. For this reason also the coffins of suicides were never inscribed, as was the case with others—even the humblest person who had died a natural death—but were left plain. The inscriptions on the mummy coffins were prayers to the lord of the under world that he might give to the mummy a new life in the next world, but if these prayers were not inscribed they were as good as non-existent as far as the occupant of the coffin was concerned, for without this form of passport there was positively no chance for the person so buried.

Taking these facts into consideration, we can well understand what a terrible thing it must have been for an Egyptian to be condemned to this form of death, for not only did he leave this world with disgrace but he died well knowing that there was no hope for him in the world to come.

An Old-time Killing
..BY A..
Fifth-Avenue Toff.

How PHILIP BARTON KEY, United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, met his fate at the hands of an outraged husband, The Honourable DANIEL EDGAR SICKLES, Member of Congress. February 26, 1859.

"His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong."
—EMERSON, "Letters and Social Aims."

WE are now telling of an episode in the story of what is to all intents and purposes an unknown country. In North America, we know, we fought the French. General Wolfe's gallant death at Quebec some of us have heard of. We are still paying interest on the money we spent in battles against the Indians on the land side and against the sea-powers in the North Atlantic in the defence of our Colonies, "which emptied the tea-chests into Boston Harbour and left it to George Washington (who could not tell a lie) to hang Major André, whose bust is in Westminster Abbey, and to turn us neck and crop out of the continent" (in which, by the way, King Edward VII. holds sway over more acres than does the Republic of the Stars and Stripes).

Very sketchy, indeed, are the ideas most of us have about the war in which H.M.S. "Shannon" captured the U.S.S. "Chesapeake" when half the American yachting fleet had come out to witness the defeat of the Britisher. From those times until the events of the American Civil War it is hardly too much to say that in British minds the condition of society and the round of events in the United States is represented by an absolute blank. We learn a good deal about the tragi-comedy of the Californian mining camps from the writings of Bret Harte. Boston, the abode of culture, which carries its chin in the air—even to this day the University of Cambridge, Massachusetts, better known as "Harvard," sniffs at hearing mention made of Yale or Columbia—Boston the demure, the scholarly, we knew something about from the "Biglow Papers," written by Mr. James Russell Lowell, who was a predecessor of Mr. Bayard and Mr. Joseph Choate at the United States Embassy to our Court at St. James's. We used to sing about Dixie's Land and the Swanee River, and we had vivid notions of what a real plantation was like in the days when the absurd "coon-song" was in that undiscovered state where it had better have been left for another hundred years. We, ourselves, in 1833, had spent £20,000,000 in giving freedom to the slaves in the West Indian colonies, and we considered the United States of America to be such thorough-going villains for not going and doing likewise that anything that took place in that vast continent, unless it threatened British interests, gave us no concern whatever.

There were hardly any millionaires in America in those days; yet there were two or three aristocracies. There was the aristocracy of letters, with its headquarters, as we have said, in the neighbourhood of Boston. There was the exclusive Knickerbocker aristocracy, of Dutch descent, chiefly to be met with in New York—the "New Amsterdam" of previous generations—and there was the slave-owning landed aristocracy of the southern states, who grew tobacco and cultivated sugar-plantations and cotton-fields. Of these three aristocracies the last-named was the only one that would touch politics with the tongs. In its case it was an inevitable thing that it should handle politics, for its very means of earning its bread was threatened by the bitter way in which the opposite partisans were preaching emancipation.

Apart from all the above three aristocracies, as we have justly called them, there were the politicians. There were degrees in the ranks of the politicians, just as there are in the ranks of the followers of our "Sport of Kings." There were the equivalent of the "noble owner," as typified by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, there were low-down carpet-baggers, to couple whom with a Ratcliffe Highway welsher would be an insult to the latter. The people with whom we are at present concerned come right at the top of the former category. A predecessor of those brilliant ministers to the Court of St. James's—Lowell, Bayard, Pierrepoint, and the rest—had been Mr. Buchanan, who during his stay in London had had as his Secretary to the Legation Mr. D. E. Sickles, who is to become the central character in our narrative. Mr. Buchanan became President of the United States, the President immediately before Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Sickles, too, advanced in the political world, for he became a Member of Congress, to be known as "the Hon. Daniel

Taxed his wife with her guilt.

Edgar Sickles." At the time of this eventful occurrence Mr. Sickles was forty years of age, having passed by one year the age at which a French newspaper would speak of him as "un jeune homme." His wife was only twenty-two. They had been married six years or thereabouts, the wedding having taken place in 1853, the bride being then a child in years, and not even looking her age, the daughter of Monsieur Bagioli, a musician of high repute. London was not in those days inhabited by nearly so many charming "Amurrican" ladies as it now is. Mrs. Sickles's singularly interesting appearance attracted much attention in the diplomatic and other fashionable circles in London which she frequented. Mr. Sickles naturally left London on the departure of his chief, and succeeded in obtaining the democratic nomination for Congress from one of the Metropolitan districts of New York. In due course he went to Washington, and the "Hotel Sickles" became the rendezvous for all that was refined and elegant in White House circles.

The discharge of his duties had also brought to Washington Mr. Philip Barton Key, United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, and nephew of the Chief Justice of the United States. Thus an intimacy arose between him and Mrs. Sickles which seems speedily to have assumed a criminal

character. Whether it was that her husband had become distasteful to her, or that he neglected her, or that Mr. Key possessed attractions which extinguished in her mind all sentiment of her position, all feeling of duty, the young wife quickly became what she was not when she was known and admired here in London. Suspicion soon dogged the steps of the young wife and her paramour. As is usual in such cases, the husband was the last person to hear of his dishonour. The connection between Mrs. Sickles and Mr. Key, it appears, began in April, 1858, and continued through the winter, being renewed again during the 1859 Session of Congress.

Impunity made them bold. They had never been discovered—therefore they never would be discovered. Mr. Key rented a *garçonnière*, where they used to meet. A system of telegraph for the purpose of their guilty intercourse was arranged. When her husband was away from home, Mr. Key would pass in front of the house, and wave a handkerchief. Mrs. Sickles would hurry out to meet him at the usual place of assignation. Conversely, when the lady it was who wished to see her paramour, and the husband was out, a handkerchief was hung from the balcony in such a way that the seducer could see it from the club-house by the aid of a field-glass. Does not commonsense tell us that child-like and bland intrigue of that sort is bound to be found out, and that right early?

DID BETTER EXECUTION WITH HIS SECOND SHOT.

There was nothing vulgar in the *denouément*. On Friday, February 25, 1859, Mr. Sickles was entertaining President Buchanan. Never had soft-shell crabs tasted nicer. Never had the canvas-back duck been roasted more delightfully. The dessert was a dream. Were there thirteen at table on that Friday? Mr. Sickles was at one end of the dinner-table, his wife at the other. The husband knew nothing, suspected nothing, of the guilt and misery that were present at that social board. In the midst of an animated conversation a letter was delivered to Mr. Sickles, which revealed the history of his wife's shame and his own dishonour. For the time being he could say nothing; do nothing. There sat his unfaithful spouse, facing him. By her side was the President of the United States.

That night Mr. Sickles appears to have said or done nothing, but the early part of the next day was devoted to a careful investigation of the facts. When he had acquired a reasonable degree of certainty, Mr. Sickles taxed his wife with her guilt. She indignantly denied the charge, but the accurate description of the time and place of the last assignation—details being complete even as to the dress she wore—forced conviction on the guilty woman that her shame was known.

"Betrayed and lost!" she exclaimed, and thus she admitted the truth of the accusation.

So far all was clear. The question of the instant was, "How was this outrage to be avenged?"

In the course of that afternoon, while Mr. Sickles was considering with himself—frenzied from the sense of his wrong—from the window at which he was sitting he saw Mr. Key approaching the house, making the conventional signal to the lady whom he had brought to this terrible grief. Unable to master his emotions, the husband seized upon what weapons were near.

That was the story for the defence, which, however, had to admit that in one motion, as it were, Mr. Sickles managed to garner two single-barrelled pistols and a revolver! Mr. Key was extending his hand for a friendly grasp, when Mr. Sickles, exclaiming "Now, villain, you must die!" fired and missed. Mr. Key threw his field-glass at Mr. Sickles, and the pair closed. Mr. Sickles did better execution with his second shot, bringing his adversary to the ground. He fired a barrel of his revolver into the dead man's head, and with an oath surrendered himself to the officers of justice. Such, amidst a vast mass of sickening detail, were the leading facts of this miserable story.

A terrible tragedy may well follow—has frequently followed—a similar guilt in England. But neither the regulations of the police nor the feelings of the people would permit the scenes that followed the committal of Mr. Sickles. The whole society of the city sided with the murderer, acting, indeed, as if they thought that he had done a brave and virtuous action. Men of the highest station hastened to go bail for him; his cell was perpetually filled with visitors, his imprisonment really being one long ovation. So entirely was public opinion on the side of the husband, that it was not easy to empannel a jury which could pretend even to an appearance of impartiality. The trial lasted from March 7 to March 24, and resulted in a verdict of "Not Guilty"; probably a foregone conclusion from the beginning of the proceedings.

The verdict was received with "a loud, thrilling,

tumultuous huzza." The prisoner's counsel returned thanks to the jury. The late prisoner's passage through the jury-box was a triumph. The jury asked permission to congratulate him, so he stepped over the forms to meet them, receiving and returning their compliments. Finally one of his friends, Captain Wiley *kissed him* (the italics are from the old record), just as if this beautiful couple had been compatriots of the Kaiser Wilhelm and his much-embraced-only-brother, Prince Henry of Prussia-and-the-Maily-Fist! The populace "Mafficked," doubtless from a basis of honest, though illogical, feeling, forgetting that in their zeal for the seventh commandment they were applauding a breach of the sixth. Without one feeling of mercy, without one moment's respite, Mr. Sickles had violated the fundamental principle of civilised society, which has substituted the majesty of the law for the frantic explosion of private vengeance.

One other circumstance has to be narrated to complete the marvels of this extraordinary history. Only a few months had elapsed, and Mr. Sickles announced on the house-tops, in a lengthy and inflated epistle, that he had again taken to his confidence and his protection the guilty woman who had been the occasion of so terrible a crime and such public shame.

There is a little discrepancy as to the date of the shooting of Mr. Key. The contemporary record says February 26, 1859, A. J. Johnson's "Universal Cyclopædia" (New York) says February 27, 1859.

To show how carefully this paper is edited, we print the article on Daniel Edgar Sickles from the above-named source. It gives us great pleasure to be able to put on record the heroic deeds that General Sickles did subsequently to the occurrence narrated in our history. We must correct the opinion we had previously formed that the killing of Mr. Key was done exactly in the cold-blooded manner in which the contemporary chronicler on this side of the water recorded the shooting to have taken place.

We append the article on "Sickles" from Johnson's "Universal Cyclopædia":

"SICKLES, Daniel Edgar: soldier, b in New York, October 20, 1825; was educated at the University of New York, but left without graduating; learned the printer's trade, then studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1846. He soon became identified with politics, and in 1847 was elected to the State Legislature as a Democrat. In 1853 he was appointed corporation attorney of New York City, and the same year accompanied Mr. Buchanan to England as Secretary of Legation. Returning in 1855, he was elected State Senator, and the following year was chosen member of Congress from New York City, and re-elected in 1858 and 1860. On February 27, 1859, he shot and killed Philip Barton Key, in Washington, for improper intimacy with his wife, and was placed on trial for murder, but acquitted.

"On the outbreak of civil war, he raised the Excelsior Brigade, and in June, 1861, was appointed colonel of one of its regiments, the Seventieth New York. In September, 1861, he was nominated a brigadier-general of volunteers. The appointment was at first negatived by the Senate, but subsequently confirmed, to date from original appointment. In the Virginia Peninsular campaign his brigade was attached to Hooker's Division of the Third Corps, to the command of which he succeeded in September, 1862, and having been commissioned major-general of volunteers, November 29, 1862, was assigned to the command of the Third Army Corps in February, 1863. He was distinguished at the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3-4. At Gettysburg he lost a leg early in the second day's fight. In 1865-67 he commanded the military district comprising North and South Carolina. On July 28, 1866, he was appointed colonel of the Forty-second Infantry of the Regular Army, and in April, 1869, was retired from active service with the rank of major-general. In the latter year he was appointed United States Minister to Spain, which position he resigned in 1873. Returning to New York, he became president of the State Board of Civil Service Commissioners. He received the brevets of brigadier and major-general United States Army for gallantry. In 1866 he was appointed Minister to Holland, and in 1869 Minister to Mexico, but declined both positions. In 1890 he was appointed Sheriff of New York by Governor Hill, and in 1892 was elected to the Fifty-third Congress. His address is 23, Fifth Avenue, New York."

JUSTICES in Eyre was an office instituted by Henry II., in 1184. The last instance of their holding a court in any of the forests is believed to have been in the reign of Charles II.

PUNISHING THE PUNISHED.

HOW OFFENCES IN PRISON ARE REWARDED.

THE idea of punishments being added to the punishment of penal servitude or hard labour seems cruel, but any prison warder will assure one that if it were not for the fear of penalties of some kind or other their lives would not be worth much.

Foremost in importance in the code of prison punishments comes the "cat." This dreaded weapon is of the greatest use in preserving discipline in the great convict stations where the men have, at times, weapons in their possession with which they could easily kill a warder or disable him for life. The "cat" cannot be ordered by the governor alone, he must wait till the director pays his regular visit, when, if the case warrants it, from a dozen to twenty-five lashes may be inflicted. The criminal is triced up to a triangle in one of the halls, and a couple of sturdy warders lay on with a will. The only other form of corporal punishment permitted in our gaols is the birch, which is a much more formidable weapon than that used for children. This also has to be sanctioned by the director or the visiting justices. Convicts who have been flogged, or been "bashed," as they call it themselves, are usually condemned to wear a parti-coloured dress of black and yellow for a fixed period, and may also be sentenced to wear leg-irons of varying weights. This punishment is usually meted out to those who attack the warders.

The next most severe punishment is being ordered to wear the punishment dress, without a whipping, and to carry leg-irons for a considerable period, a portion of the time being spent in the dark, or punishment cell, on a diet of bread and water. Careful of the health of the prisoners, the Government does not permit a man to be kept on bread and water for more than a few days consecutively without having a change, for a day, to better food, nor does it allow of a convict being detained in the dark cells for a long period.

Lesser punishments comprise being handcuffed for a definite time, either with the ordinary wristlets, or with what is known as the "figure of eight" irons. If the hands are fastened behind the back, they must be released at night and fastened in front. Curtailment of food for a stipulated period is also a frequent mode of restraining refractory prisoners, and generally has the desired effect, while degradation from one class to another of lower rank, loss of privileges, the plank bed, deprivation of books, refusal to write or receive the periodical letter, and, of course, always the loss of so many marks, which amounts to so many days' extra imprisonment, help to swell the list of methods by which recalcitrant convicts are coerced. Altogether, the governor has quite a battery of weapons which he can employ, but, unfortunately, sometimes he finds them all too few.

Women prisoners are punished by locking them into dark or padded cells, handcuffing them for fixed periods with the figure of eight manacles, and by enclosing them in a strait waistcoat. Their food may be curtailed, and their beds made more uncomfortable, while a certain number of marks are sure to be deducted from their list; but the most grievous punishment of all, to most of them, is to prevent them from having an opportunity for a moment's gossip. Punishments have little real effect on female prisoners, who are best governed through their affections, and the matron who can gain the confidence of her charges is indeed a valuable officer.

Rough on the Jury.

A WELL-KNOWN magistrate, who subsequently became a judge, while acting as chairman of the Quarter Sessions, once sentenced a man thus, to the amazement of the twelve good men and true who had returned their verdict:

"Your lawyer believes you innocent, the prosecution believes you innocent, and I believe you innocent. But a jury of your fellow-countrymen, in the exercise of such intelligence as they possess, which does not appear to be much, has found you guilty, and it remains to me to pass upon you the sentence of the law, which is that you be imprisoned for one day, and, as that day was yesterday, you may go about your business."

Spare Humour.

"GOOD news," said a lawyer as he entered the condemned cell of one of his last clients.

"What? Has a reprieve come at last?" asked the poor felon.

"No. Better than that. Your uncle has died and left you the sum of three hundred pounds, so that now you will have the satisfaction of knowing that the noble efforts of your solicitor on your behalf will not have to go unrewarded!"

THE WAYS OF THE CRIMINAL

II.—THE UP-TO-DATE METHODS OF THE LADY SHOP-LIFTER.

SOME years ago a well-known shop-keeper in the West End of London suffered considerable loss at the hands of lady customers, who frequented his premises and "lifted" all the valuables that came within their reach. The proprietor—a draper, by the way—felt that if he prosecuted every well-dressed thief the publication of the cases might cause his trade to diminish. He was, however, determined to punish the thieves, and decided upon a daring method of achieving his ends. When, a few days afterwards, a woman was caught stealing, she was brought before him in his private office. She, after blustering for a few minutes, confessed her guilt, and begged to be forgiven. "You can choose your own punishment," said the draper in effect. "You can submit to a flogging from one of the women members of my staff, or, if you prefer it, I will hand you over to the police." The woman chose the flogging. Ever since then women caught thieving in this particular establishment have been dealt with in the same way, and every one elected to take the flogging.

The method we have described has saved many women from bringing public disgrace upon themselves and their families, but it has not diminished the amount of material which almost daily leaves the shop without being paid for. There are in London a large number of expert shop-lifters, for the most part women, who, day in and day out, tour through the crowded emporiums in the West End and leave laden with stolen goods. Every large shop in the West End keeps a staff of detectives on duty, their sole purpose being to frustrate the plans of shop-lifters. Now and again a couple of women are caught and handed over to the police, but the comparative rarity of these captures and the tremendous amount of property stolen proves what a really clever lot of criminals are engaged in this class of theft.

Detectives are of little use, for the shop-lifter's first task is to find out the employées in the shop whose sole duty it is to watch for thieves. Once the private policemen are "spotted," the rest is easy, for the thief then makes certain of conducting his or her operations when the watcher is engaged elsewhere. Or again, an accomplice is sent into the shop with instructions to act in a suspicious manner, so as to attract the detective's attention, and keep him fully occupied whilst the real thief makes a haul. The odds are always on the thieves, who can always change their appearance to baffle the "tecs," and, as they know whom they have to fear, it is not a difficult matter to keep out of their way.

The times of the great season's sales are golden opportunities for the shop-lifter. Then the shops are thronged by crowds of women anxious to pick up bargains and buy a lot of stuff which they do not want, for that is what a woman generally does when out on an expedition of this kind. Into the thickest of the crowd goes the shop-lifter. Her movements are covered by the honest customers, and thus she is able to "work" in comparative security.

It is not, however, merely the big tradesman who is victimised. As in other classes of crime, so with shop-lifters. There is the swell, who only condescends to "operate" at the big West End shops, and there is the sneak thief, who preys on the poor widow woman who is trying to gain a living by keeping a little shop in a mean back street. Between the two extremes there are several grades, and no class of tradesman escapes.

It is comparatively easy to steal an article from a shop. The assistants cannot possibly keep their eyes on every customer, more particularly when the sales are on, and thus shop-lifting attracts a class who otherwise would probably steer clear of crime. As we have said above, women are the principal delinquents. They go from place to place, almost invariably well dressed, as a rule looking "real ladies," and sometimes even alighting at the doors of the shop from smart carriages hired for the occasion. Thus they are regarded as people of position, and as customers whose patronage is worth having, and who are above suspicion. When they enter the shops they make a show of wanting to purchase a lot of valuable goods. The assistant produces many specimens, none of which please, and he turns to produce more. This is the thief's opportunity. Off the counter and into some artfully-concealed hiding-place goes a piece of valuable silk or lace or jewellery, and, having secured the plunder, the "lady" buys some trifling thing if she thinks fit, and, after paying for it, leaves the shop and enters her carriage with her plunder.

We are dealing, of course, with the professional thief, not the kleptomaniac. The former goes out fully equipped for her expedition, the latter steals from a momentary impulse, because she cannot resist the temptation. The swell shop-lifter is ready for any emergency, and her clothes are specially designed and contain many pockets, some large, some small, all artfully contrived and carefully hidden but easy of access, so that plunder can be swiftly secreted. The dress of the sex is greatly in the woman's favour, and helps her wonderfully in her operations. A capacious cape is a splendid "cover," whilst in the frills and furbelows of the fashionable skirt a great many things can be easily concealed. One of the most expert shop-lifters in the world has plied her trade with tremendous success in at least four countries. She is an American, exceedingly pretty, with a fine figure and splendid dark eyes, not a bit like a criminal, it may be said. She is not. When arrayed in all her finery for one of her thieving expeditions, she looks every inch an aristocrat. In Paris she has driven up to the Bon Marché or the Printemps in a smart barouche, and has left the establishment half-an-hour or so later with a great quantity of valuable goods, none of which had been paid for or were likely to be. She is known to the police in Berlin, in London, and New York. She is in the United States capital at present, and the police are anxious to find her, for she is "wanted" on a charge of stealing a quantity of lace from one of the great stores on Sixth Avenue. Her downfall is due mainly to boasting and jealousy. She had made a successful trip to Europe, had done the grand tour, and had landed in New York with a fine haul of jewellery, lace, and silk. Now, the United States Customs are pretty strict, and unless a traveller drops upon an officer who will take a bribe it is exceedingly difficult to get anything through without paying the heavy imposts demanded. But one shop-lifter discovered a way, and she carried out of the docks three or four thousand pounds' worth of jewellery, lace, and silk, which the Customs officers never suspected she had about her. She managed it in this way. She had a large square pocket made, and this she attached to a strap round her waist, so that it hung down in front between her dress and under-skirt. Her trim figure, in a neat travelling-costume, only attracted admiring glances. The pocket did not affect the "set" of the dress, and when she declared that she had no dutiable articles except what the officers had discovered in her boxes she was believed. Now, our shop-lifter, whom we will call Kate A——, had a lover in New York, and she also had a rival for the affections of the man. To both of them she told how she had dished "Uncle Sam's" Revenue Department, and the rival gave

Looks haughty enough to be honest—but her tricky pocket tells another tale.

her away to the police, telling them to watch for Kate in the Sixth Avenue Stores, and also of the existence of the secret pocket. It was not long before Kate commenced her nefarious operations. A detective looked on. He watched her go up to the lace counter, saw her finger a roll of Valenciennes lace—one of several which she asked the shopman to show her—and then, as the assistant turned his back for a moment, saw the lace mysteriously disappear. It was a small package, but worth many pounds. The detective was astonished. He approached Kate, and said, "You have a piece of lace you did not pay for."

How the Secret Pocket is Worked.

"No, I haven't!" she said scornfully, looking him up and down. "Do you dare accuse me of theft?"

The detective kept both his keen eyes on Kate, and saw her hand go into her pocket and saw her slowly withdraw it. He repeated his accusation, and Kate, with a "How dare you? I'll never come into the shop again!" commenced to make her way to the door. At once the detective saw the roll of lace on the floor. Kate, who was looking for it, at once stopped. "There, sir," she said, "apologise!" "You must come with me," said the detective, and forthwith Kate was marched to the lock-up, where she was handed over to the matron, who was specially instructed to look for a pocket between the dress and under-skirt. In a few minutes the matron returned with a bottomless pocket, the ingenuity of which amazed the police officers who inspected it. The receptacle was made of stout bed-ticking, and was about 14in. square. A strap was attached, so that it could be hung round the waist. The mouth was capacious, and, according to the matron, could be reached by a specially-made placquet in the side of the skirt. The bag had no bottom, but the matron was able to explain this, for she produced a piece of tape, which, she explained, was used as a draw-string. The bottom of the bag was closed by this piece of tape, which was run through and then tied in a bow-knot. The knot was tight enough to prevent the bag opening, but when the draw-string was pulled it immediately gave way, and allowed the contents of the bag to fall to the floor. Kate's idea was that the moment she was suspected she could pull the string, let fall all the articles she had purloined, and bluff the matter out. It was impossible, she argued, in a crowded shop to say who had dropped the stuff, and had the detective not been warned, doubtless he would not have arrested her and discovered the pocket. Our pictures show exactly how the bag is carried and how the draw-string operates. Kate was charged, allowed out on bail, and then vanished. The police think she is back in Europe again. If she is, shopkeepers are no doubt suffering at her hands.

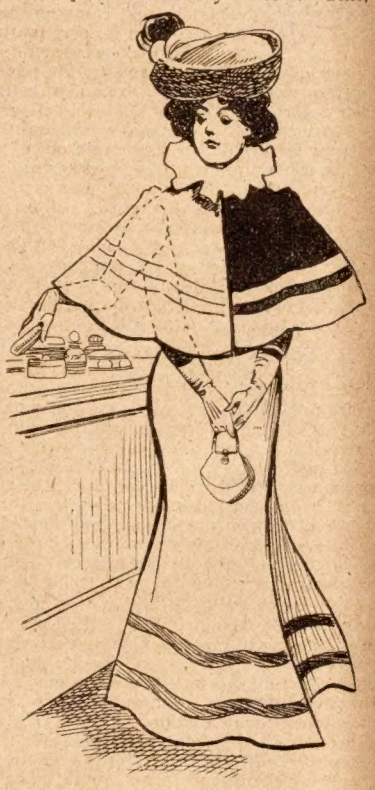
A gentle pull at the draw-string releases the contents of the secret pocket.

Another clever device was the invention of a woman also. She had a third arm fitted to herself. It was made of wax and was always visible. When the woman was not engaged in examining goods on the counter she usually stood with her flesh and blood left hand clasping her wax and perfectly-gloved right. The genuine right arm was under cover of the capacious cape she always wore, busily engaged lifting articles from the counter.

A woman was arrested in London some few months ago, and when she was searched at the police-station the matron discovered that the pocket of her dress reached very nearly to the hem of the garment, and was capable of holding a great number of articles. When the pocket was found it contained three silver-backed hair-brushes, two bottles of expensive scent, three pairs of gloves, and half-a-dozen valuable lace handkerchiefs, altogether nearly ten pounds' worth of stuff. This pocket was also in the front of the dress, and the bulkiness was concealed in the voluminous folds, for the skirt, as is the fashion amongst women, was very long and very full, and had to be held up from the ground in all weathers.

The loose-fronted dresses, which are also worn just now, are also a great aid to the professional shop-lifter. Small articles can easily be slipped into the pouch-like fall of the bodice without anyone being the wiser.

Then, too, there is the hand-bag with a false bottom. The bag looks innocent enough at first sight, but on close examination its deceptive qualities reveal themselves. The bottom is composed of two flaps of very stiff leather working on hinges at the sides and opening in the middle, exactly like cellar doors. The flaps, which open inwards, fit perfectly, and are kept in position by strong springs. If you look inside the bag you will find just an ordinary bottom. This, however, is an inch or so away from the contrivance we have described, and in the space between the two much that is valuable can be hidden. Armed with this ingenious bag, the thief seats herself at the counter, with the receptacle lying in her lap. To the shop-assistant's eyes the bag differs in no way from the ordinary bag. He sees that it is clasped, and sometimes, to draw his attention to this fact, the thief ostentatiously opens it, takes out her purse or handkerchief, and then carefully closes it with a snap. She asks to see various articles, such as silver belt-buckles, high-priced sets of dress buttons, expensive garters, silk scarves, etc. The counter is littered with goods for her inspection. She asks for another kind. The assistant turns away to comply with the request, and, seizing the opportunity, something passes through the flaps into the space between the two bottoms of the bag. When the shop-lifter is reckless, the space between the false bottom and the real is pretty extensive, and the bag is then used in another and more artful manner. The thief stands up and rests her bag upon the counter whilst she minutely examines, say, a piece of silk. Eventually she satisfies herself and sits down again. The bag, it may be explained, was placed over the article to be stolen. A little downward pressure on the bag caused the article to itself open one of the flaps. A slight twisting movement followed and the article was inside.



The Innocent-Looking Maiden with the Dummy Arm.

Next week we shall tell of some other clever tricks of the shoplifter, and tradesmen who read these articles will be interested in the man who comes into their establishment eating an apple. But they will be more interested in watching what becomes of the apple core.

A GREAT writer on the laws of England once said that when a jury of matrons is impaneled, the foreman ought to be a woman of known and good repute.

Criminal Problems

PREVENTION OF CRIME—BRITISH SCHOOLS OF DETENTION.

NOW that we have seen the methods employed by our Continental friends for the reformation of their juvenile offenders, it will be as well if we glance at those at present in vogue amongst us. Till quite recently a child found guilty of an offence punishable by law, if under the age of sixteen, was called upon first to serve the sentence which should be imposed upon him, and then to go to a reformatory for a fixed term of years. This, owing to the great outcry which has been made against contaminating youth, has of late been considerably modified.

Magistrates are most anxious to avoid compelling a mere child to receive the prison stamp and be branded as a gaol-bird for the rest of his days, and are therefore very chary of sending any to prison whom they can send to a reformatory. The idea of allowing the young to enter a prison at all is contrary to the best interests of justice. It has no claim even to the poorest reason. First, is a period in gaol, prior to a sojourn in the reformatory, supposed to have a deterrent effect on the child? It cannot do so, seeing that it is only experienced for ten or fourteen days. When that is over the child passes on to a school for a term of years, and, when the reformatory is left, the child is a child no longer. He can never again be sent to a reformatory, which he possibly dreads, and he has impressed firmly on his mind the idea that, after all, prison is not such a bad place.

On the other hand, is it to deter other children from committing crime? That it assuredly never can do, for in the days when all children were imprisoned our gaols were full of them. But more than this, though the sojourn in prison does no good, there is more to be said: it positively does active harm. Many a prison governor has protested against the admission of children into the gaol, declaring that, in the interests of the country as well as in those of humanity, the prison is no place for children.

How is the matter got over? Well, for boys under sixteen there is that very useful instrument, the birch, which acts as a deterrent, and which is harmless, as far as health is concerned. Then there are the numerous industrial schools, to which children can be sent by order of a magistrate, without any imprisonment whatsoever, and to which those who are rather neglected than depraved can be committed. In the industrial schools the treatment is preventive, not penal. The children are pupils as opposed to prisoners, and everything possible is done to make them feel that they are among friends.

First, as to our reformatories. There are two types, the one on the "family" lines and the other institutional. In the case of the former, the establishment is broken up into a series of houses, much after the fashion of the large modern public schools. Each house is under the charge of one or more masters, and the boys are kept separate. For the first period of their punishment the young thieves and rogues are put to labour on the farm, tilling the soil and otherwise undergoing severe manual labour. After a time, when they have shown by their good conduct that they are worthy of promotion, they are permitted to choose some trade, which they are thoroughly well taught, and at which they can later make an honest living. Naturally, at a reformatory, the discipline is very strict, for the boys are there for punishment as well as for reclamation, but no cruelty is shown to them. The use of the cane and the birch is not forbidden, for where large bodies of youngsters have to be dealt with, whipping has to be resorted to occasionally; but the greatest possible precautions are taken that nothing approaching cruelty shall ever make itself felt in the reformatory.

When, after a term of years, the boys are due to leave the institution, a position is found for them, either at home or in the colonies, as may be deemed best. The system is successful, for the percentage of those who do well, from Redhill School alone, is well over ninety per cent.

In the institution system of reformatory the work is the same, but the boys are more associated, and the elder boys have too much power over the younger, and the continual close companionship is apt to foster the seeds of vice which have already been sown in the child's mind. With large dormitories, associated labour, and no separation according to character, it is impossible to get the best effects. This system is rapidly being abolished in Great Britain.

The industrial schools have a different mission to fulfil. They can receive all who, being under the age of fourteen, are charged before a magistrate with begging or vagrancy, or who are found in the company of thieves or vicious persons, or who have no natural protectors. In their internal management they are much the same as reformatories, with the exception that, not being penal, they are not quite so strict as to discipline. The characters of the pupils are studied and the greatest care taken to develop them along the right line.

As in the case of boys who have been naughty, employment is found for them after they have served out their sentence, so the children of the industrial schools are placed in fitting positions when the day of their release comes. A large number enter the Army, and turn out extremely well; others go to sea, while the ranks of artisans receive the remainder of the boys. Girls from these schools either go into service or enter factories. The number of children reclaimed by the action of the industrial schools each year is very gratifying.

There is yet another class of establishment which goes a little way towards suppressing crime, and that is the truant schools. These are institutions for compelling the youngsters who will not go to Board school to acquire at least the rudiments of education. They have little to do with the criminal classes, but they prevent a few from becoming criminals.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

TREASON was punished in England by banishment only till after Henry I.

IN a cause respecting a will at the Derby Assizes, evidence was given to prove the testatrix (an apothecary's wife) was a lunatic, and amongst other things it was deposed that she had swept a quantity of pots, lotions, potions, etc., into the street as rubbish. "I doubt," said the learned judge, "whether sweeping physic into the street be any proof of insanity." "True, my lord," replied the counsel; "but sweeping the pots away certainly was."

Promoted by a Prisoner.

SOME time ago a well-known public man of New South Wales, Mr. G. R. Dibbs, leader of the Opposition in that Colony, refused to pay what he believed to be an unjust and extraordinary bill of costs. For the contempt of Court thus exhibited he was committed to Darlinghurst Gaol. There he was imprisoned for twelve months, being employed in the carpenters' shop.

After he had served his term of incarceration he re-entered public life, and in the end became Prime Minister, and, as luck would have it, was called upon to appoint a new Governor of the very prison in which he had been confined, owing to the retirement of Sir John Read. From his peculiar knowledge of the working of that particular prison he saw that a fitting opportunity had arrived for him to reward an officer who had shown zeal in the service. He remembered the care and impartiality with which Mr. John Lovett had looked after the ward in which he had been employed, and the vacant post was at once offered to the just warder, who was extremely gratified at being promoted to such an important position by one to whom he had never shown any marks of favouritism. Contrary to expectations the appointment was very popular with all the members of the prison staff, who saw in the step signs of promotion by merit.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

J.—No.
J. PRYOR.—Send it on.
RIX.—Will give it attention.
BROWNIE.—Why not try again.
YESTER.—It caused a great sensation in 1872.
EPIP.—Prisoners used to smoke in American goals.
PINT.—You cannot be put on the "Black List" without your own consent.
ENGINEER.—Give further particulars; several of that name have been hanged.
C. O. D.—You really must have patience; we cannot publish everything at once.

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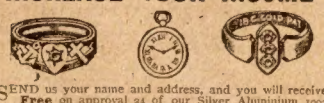

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